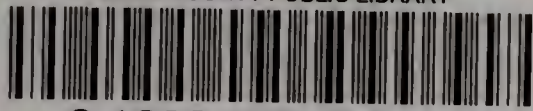


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John B. Jones

SEBAGO LAKE LAND



The old-time 'side-wheeler' the *Sebago* which churned the waters of the lakes during the early seventies. She was built by J. H. Dyer, Master-builder of Portland, and launched May 8th, 1871. 86 feet in length and 24 feet wide she carried 120 horse-power engine. Her passenger capacity was 400, and she was built at a cost of \$8000. Fire destroyed her at the old Bridgton Landing in 1873.

Sebago Lake Land

IN HISTORY, LEGEND & ROMANCE

Illustrated with Photographs & Pen Sketches

Herbert G. Jones



Published by the Author

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Dedicated to

MY WIFE

WHOSE HELP AND ENTHUSIASM

MADE THIS BOOK POSSIBLE.



Other books by Herbert G. Jones

I DISCOVER MAINE

OLD PORTLAND TOWN

OLD KOUSSINOC

MAINE MEMORIES

PORTLAND SHIPS ARE GOOD SHIPS

ISLES OF CASCO BAY

Contents



SEBAGO LAKE — QUEEN OF INLAND WATERS	9
“KING” SALMON — SALMO SEBAGO	37
THE CUMBERLAND & OXFORD CANAL & EARLY TRANSPORTATION ON THE LAKES	47
THE TOWNS OF SEBAGO LAKE LAND AND THEIR STORY	73
WINDHAM & STANDISH	74
RAYMOND & CASCO	89
BRIDGTON & HARRISON	109
NAPLES & SEBAGO	121

Preface



Everybody knows Sebago, yet, — paradoxically speaking, — nobody seems to know anything about it! Even the library shelves are barren regarding it, as though history had passed it by. One of earth's great beauty spots, it surely has not deserved this fate.

This slight chronicle is in response to an ever-increasing demand from Sebago's legion of admirers and "pilgrims", for some information concerning its history, legend, and romance.

While this volume is in no sense of the word, "encyclopedia", it is hoped that it will fulfill its purpose, however slight, and provide some measure of pleasure for its readers.

The author wishes to express his grateful appreciation for permission to use the photographic material of his friends:— Maine Publicity Bureau, Maine Historical Society, Gannett Publications, Portland Engraving Company, George B. Illsley, and "Skipper" Bob Norton.

Sebago Lake--Queen of Inland Waters



“Around Sebago’s lonely lake
There lingers not a breeze to break
The mirror which its waters make.

The solemn pines along its shore,
The firs which hang its gray rocks o’er,
Are painted on its glassy floor.”

FEW of the beauties of Maine’s glorious scene have been left unsung by the poets, and none sings so eloquently perhaps, as does the “good gray poet” Whittier in his classical description of age-old Sebago Lake,—a beautiful body of water that stretches its forty-six miles of sapphire-like expanse between the dark wooded hills of Sebago Lake Land. Truly a bit of transplanted Switzerland in the heart of Maine. ’Tis true the solemn pines are not so abundant now nor the firs which “hang its gray rocks o’er”, for the rich forest growth of the past has long fallen before the advance of the lumberman and the sweep of progress. But the lake itself can never be lost out of its mountain-guarded territory, nor can its charms be lessened by the touch of civilization. Though many summer camps and cottages now dot its lovely shores, Sebago still gives the same impression of grandeur and tranquillity as it did in the days of the poet, for the summer habitations nestle hidden among the trees of the still unspoiled woodlands.

It was a favorite resort of the great novelist, Nathaniel

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

Hawthorne, who while not a native of Maine, spent most of his boyhood days fishing and sailing on Sebago's waters. He called it his "Garden of Eden", and writing to a friend later in life said, "I have visited many places called beautiful in Europe and the United States, but have never seen the place that enchanted me like the flat rock at the outlet of Thomas Pond, from which we used to fish. In an October afternoon just when the oak leaves put on their red coats, the view from that spot looking to the slopes of Rattlesnake Mountain through the haze of Indian summer, was to me more enchanting than anything else I have ever seen."

It must indeed have been a tumultuous moment in the life of the first white man to glimpse the shimmering beauty of Lake Sebago. Tradition says it was a squatter by the name of Elliott. He made his home on the banks of the Presumpscot River in ancient Saccarappa which we now know as Westbrook. Curious to see the source of his river, he set out one fine morning with gun on shoulder, and accompanied by his dog, started on a tour of investigation. Taking the right hand of the river bank and crossing with considerable difficulty its numerous affluents, he arrived after a hard day's tramp, at what is now called the head of the river. Here he camped for the night. Next morning after a careful survey of the surroundings he became convinced that a much larger body of water must lie ahead. So he again pressed forward and in a short time came to a spot in the neighborhood of the present White's Bridge. On looking across the channel he saw two Indians fishing from the rocks, while several more were paddling their graceful canoes across the lake. Alarmed at the sight he hastily retreated, fortunately without attracting their attention, and in due time arrived home in safety.

The lake and its proportions too, must have impressed the stoic Indian, for he gave it its name, Sebago, which in his language indicates "big stretch of water",—a name which happily survives despite later attempts to change it to "Great

SEBAGO LAKE — QUEEN OF INLAND WATERS

Pond” and Sabaguck Pond”. And for countless ages it had been the earthly paradise of the Sokokis, and along its lovely shores the red man reared his birch wigwam, tracked the deer, and fished its waters, just as does the white man of today.

The whole region of Sebago Lake Land is one of the most beautiful watersheds in New England, a region that attracts the sportsman and vacationist, and is a mecca for the automobilist from early April when the first ice leaves the numerous lakes, until it again forms over their surfaces. Fishing in the Spring, bathing and recreation in the Summer, hunting in the Fall, and winter sports during the winter months make it an ideal and popular all-year-round vacation spot. While Sebago Lake Land occupies but an angle of the southern part of the state, yet within that space one can find a truly wonderful variety of lakes, rivers, mountains, and landscape. The smooth highways wind along an almost unbroken chain of clear lakes and picturesque valleys bordered by dark green growths of pine and hemlock. And here and there are the typical little Maine villages grown gray in the shade of gnarled old trees, that drowse peacefully most of the year, but bustle with activity in the summer months serving the wants of the ever-growing army of summer visitors.

Sebago Lake is practically surrounded by the towns of Standish, Raymond, Casco, Naples, and Sebago, and its shores for the most part are low and heavily wooded with occasional stretches of firm white beaches. But beyond are hills and mountains.

The giant form of Rattlesnake Mountain is seen in the northeast in Raymond, and it is here “the hills leave and the mountains begin.” In the west are the Saddleback Mountains, with Douglass the principal peak, rising to a height of fourteen hundred feet above sea level, and eleven hundred and forty-five feet above the surface of Sebago Lake. It is the highest mountain in Cumberland County, popular among climbers wishing a hike that is not

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

too strenuous, but which at the same time offers a scenic reward at its summit which is more than worth while. From here the entire town of Sebago can be seen, and eight lakes and ponds; — Sebago, Sabbathday, Perley's, Fitch's, Southeast, Tobacco or Hancock, Peabody, and Great Hancock. In the northwest are the Peaked and Tiger Mountains, and on a clear day the sometimes snowcapped summits of the White Mountains are outlined in the distant west.

For such a large body of water, Sebago contains surprisingly few islands. Indian Isle, a wooded knoll of one-hundred acres situated in the lower bay of the lake off the Standish shore, has a romantic and lively history. It was once the rendezvous of Indians, and it is here, tradition says, white prisoners were secreted in the early wars between the white and the red men. Ancient Indian relics are still to be found on the island from time to time. In the 1900's when the lake first began to develop as a summer resort a hotel was contemplated on the island but nothing came of it. It remained a primeval wilderness until the 1920's when a little colony of Thespians headed by Florence Reed of "Yellow Jacket" fame and her husband Malcolm Williams discovered it and purchased it for a comparatively small sum. Tired out by long seasons on Broadway, this actor colony fished, bathed, and loafed beneath the pines, and seeped in the Sebago sunshine in their island paradise. At night this Rialto group would make the rafters ring, regaling each other with the "bon-mots" of Broadway, before blazing logs in the great fireplace. But their happiness was short-lived however, for the Portland water authorities commandeered the island to avoid a possible menace to the drinking water supply, and it has now reverted to its primitive state.

Dingley Bay at Raymond which receives the waters of Dingley Brook, named after Captain Dingley the first settler in Casco, contains a beautiful cluster of fourteen islands of various size. The captain cleared some of the smaller islands

SEBAGO LAKE — QUEEN OF INLAND WATERS

for pastures to protect his sheep from the bears and wolves that roamed the mainland. Dotting the broad expanse of the lake are some of the smaller islands;— the Quakers, Twin Islands, Millstone, Hubble, Squaw, Inner and Outer Islands, and Spider Island off the shores of North Sebago. The latter, a miniature gem, once changed ownership in a poker game.

The largest island in the lake is the heavily wooded Frye's Island, named after Captain Frye, an Indian hunter and a native of Scarborough. Its thousand odd acres have been practically uninhabited since 1890, its one-time familiar cluster of farm buildings having long since passed into oblivion. Separated from the island by a narrow strait of water called the "Notch" is Raymond Cape (once called Standish Cape), a strip of land which extends four or five miles into the lake, and which is associated with Captain Frye's pioneer days. Pursued by a band of Indians, the Captain fled to the end of the Cape coming out upon the cliff, a picturesque rock that rises nearly eighty feet from the lake bed. He let himself drop from the top of the jagged rock into the snow which covered the frozen lake, whence he crossed to the island that bears his name. The Indians were so astonished at his daring leap when they saw him crossing the ice, that they abandoned the pursuit.

The cliff from which he jumped has since been known as "Frye's Leap" or "The Images", so called by reason of sundry characteristic "Images" having been painted on the surface by ancient Indians. Once vividly colorful, these examples of Indian art have faded and mellowed to soft hues blending beautifully into the rock. The "Images", now hardly discernible, once depicted Captain Frye making his leap, an Indian wigwam with the chief sitting at the doorway watching the cooking of his evening meal, a bear wounded by an Indian antagonist, an Indian war dance, and a deer bounding over the rock. An Indian girl is pic-

tured who, according to an Indian legend, being pursued by white men, jumped to her death from the rocks.

She was Naragora, daughter of Waldola, an old hunter. Waldola's squaw had died, leaving him two children;— the oldest a boy who lost his life on the St. Lawrence, and the younger Naragora, his hearth's only idol, who remained in the wigwam with her father. Naragora was affianced to a young chief who had gone to the wars at Quebec. Not long afterward there came to the wigwam of the old Indian a young white man sick, wounded, and famishing. He was received with pity, and Naragora watched over him and nursed him as a sister. The choicest bear skins were spread for his couch, and the best venison which Waldola's gun brought down served him for food. Days and weeks passed, and the white man still lingered at the wigwam.

One day when Waldora had gone for a deer, he called Naragora to his side and asked her to become his wife, promising to take her to Falmouth, dress her in silks, and make her a lady. Embarrassed, frightened, and blushing, the Indian maiden declined his proposal. Again and again he importuned, and as often did she decline, raising all the objections which their different stations, habits, and modes of life suggested. At last to free herself of his importunities, she told him that she was to marry a young man of her tribe and that in three months she looked for his return. At that the white man became enraged, and threatened her with an oath saying that she would never again see her lover. Half dead with terror the gentle fawn, for so her tribe called her, ran she knew not whither. Fainting with fatigue and fear, she met her father, and after resting and composing her, he took her back to the wigwam. The white man however, for his own safety, had fled.

The third moon was already waning and Naragora anxiously awaited the return of her young chief. One afternoon she had gone down to the lake and was gazing at its tranquil waters, when, being startled by a noise, she had

scarcely time to look up, before she was in the grasp of her enemy. Long and ardently did she struggle to be free, but to no avail. She was hurried away into the forest. Night coming on however, before they had proceeded far, the man prepared a booth and she was permitted to lie down while he kept guard. Waiting until he was in deep sleep, she fled, and at the dawn of the next day was at her father's side.

Old Waldola felt that his daughter's safety depended on their removal from the lake, and for this was making morning preparations when, looking up, he saw a squad of white men at hand. He was commanded to lay down his rifle, and not instantly obeying, was fired upon. There thus ensued a struggle during which Waldola was killed. Naragora, resolving that she would never be captured, and bounding as though every muscle in her frail limbs had been nerved for the final throes of expiring nature, fled from the whites with more than human swiftness. Striking her course southerly, she had hardly gone two miles when she heard the triumphant shouts of her pursuers closing in on her. For a brief moment they stood together on the summit of the rock at the end of the cape, the pursuer and the pursued. Then Naragora sprang from the craggy heights, and the waters of Sebago closed over her forever.

This remarkable granite ledge which forms the "Images" has a fissure some eight feet wide which extends inward from its face, and is covered with rocks and earth that have fallen from the height above. A cave into which a boat can be drawn opens below. Walls of this bluff rise sixty feet above the water, and extend downward in a straight wall eighty feet from the mouth of the cave to the bottom of the lake. Hawthorne played about this shore when he was a boy, and it is said that he wrote the opening chapters of his great novel "The Scarlet Letter" in this very cave.

Sebago Lake itself, situated seventeen miles from the city of Portland, is the second largest body of inland water in Maine, and is a natural reservoir of the tributary offerings

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

of many streams, ponds, and lakelets. It is reputed to contain the purest waters of any lake in New England, and because of that fact it serves as the main source of domestic water for Portland and surrounding territory, with an approximate population of one hundred and fifteen thousand. An area of two miles long and two miles wide at the southern portion of the lake is set aside for this purpose. Bathing and any pollution of the water in this area is prohibited. It is interesting to record that no water-borne disease has ever been traced to the use of Sebago water.

The famed Songo River, — “the crookedest of all rivers”, — is the chief connecting stream between Sebago, Long Lake, and a chain of small lakes to the north. The other streams are the Dead, Sticky, Muddy, Painters, Nor’west River, and Dingley Brook. Varied and picturesque indeed are the names of some of its tributaries; Trickey, Peabody, Brandy, Panther, Rattlesnake, Highland, Anonymous, Bear, and Moose. Sebago, in reality, is a vast inland sea constantly fed by living springs, and according to the topographical experts of the Portland Water District is approximately twelve miles long and eight miles wide in the widest places. Its total area is forty-six square miles, and with its contributing lakes and streams, creates a watershed of seventy-two square miles. It has an elevation of two hundred and seventy-two feet above mean low tide in Portland harbor.

While the topographical experts say that it reaches a depth of from three hundred and six to three hundred and ten feet in the center of the lake between Sanborn’s Point at North Sebago and Raymond Cape, it is reputed to contain one or more fathomless abysses. Early inhabitants of the neighborhood, without being able to definitely indicate the exact locality, — some from personal experiences and some from ancestral legends — relate the occurrences of deep holes, sometimes with an extreme depth anywhere from five hundred feet to half a mile. How else, they say, can one account for the baffling mysteries of its deep

SEBAGO LAKE — QUEEN OF INLAND WATERS

unplumbed depths that have never been solved, of the capsizing of a boat with five men off Indian Island, whose bodies have never been found. And for example, the almost incredible disappearance of a schooner-rigged pleasure ship with all on board some hundred years ago.

She was what was then known as a clinker-built ship, and she had a bad reputation along the Portland waterfront as a death ship, having capsized, and drowned several of her passengers when used for pleasure trips in Casco Bay. Under the name of *Ellen* she was dragged to the lake by ox-team for use there.

One midsummer's day two brothers from Windham, and the boatman and his young son, a lad of thirteen, set off in her from Standish landing for a sail around the lake. Towards sunset all signs pointed to a severe squall in the making which, as so often happens in this section, quickly developed into a storm of hurricane force. The anxious wife of the boatman and mother of the small boy went to the landing and sighted the ship in the middle of the lake, close-hauled, trying to fetch the landing before the wind struck with full force. Just as she turned to go back to her home nearby, a fearful flash of lightening seemed to surround her, but no thunder accompanied the flash. She thought she heard above the howling of the wind a wailing cry of distress. Darkness, however, immediately shut in, and that was all mortal eye ever saw of the ill-fated ship and her passengers. Neighbors searched the beaches for days afterwards, but no trace of wreckage was ever found. That section of the lake was thoroughly dragged with grappling irons, and heavy guns were fired into the water with the hope that the bodies might rise to the surface, but to no avail. The death ship with its human cargo had completely vanished from sight.

A painful aftermath of the tragic episode was the sight of the stricken wife and mother maintaining her lonely vigil

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

for the hoped-homecoming of husband and son. But like the fabled sea of mythology, the lake never gave up its dead!

It is very evident that the alluring charm of Sebago Lake Land has attracted hunters, fishermen, and nature-lovers almost since colonial times. Even before the State of Maine was established in 1820, enthusiastic anglers came in search of the wily salmon. The "Notch", the little passage-way between Raymond Cape and Frye's Island was a particularly favorite spot. But this was long before the era of cottage and camp building on the lake shores. An early map of Cumberland County published in 1871, shows not a single building actually on the shore. The first summer camp to appear was built at the mouth of the Songo by a Samuel Witham, a brick-layer, from Raymond, probably not much before 1880. Country taverns and hostelries were few and far between in those days, and it was the custom of the early fisherman and the fall hunter to "put up" at the farm boarding houses, where he found fairly comfortable accommodations and "all he could eat" at a dollar per day. Many of the most popular summer hotels of today in this region saw their inception in the modest "farm-boarding house."

However, Sebago Lake began to be known as a delightful summer resort very early in the game. It was in a period before the railroad touched the lake, and the traveler who wanted to get a glimpse of its beauties had only the stage-coach to rely upon. Daily stages ran from Portland railway station, their rates being \$2.25 for the trip to Sebago Lake, or one could go out on the Grand Trunk and get off at South Paris, and thence by stage at a cost of \$1.25. Establishment of a passenger route from Harrison over the lakes to Standish and thence by stage to Portland was quite an event.

One of the oldest and most popular hostelries was the old Chadbourne House. It was a stately three-and-a-half story tavern landmark which stood near Sebago Lake Station for more than three quarters of a century. It was a very popular resort for anglers in the spring, and vacationists in the

summer. It fitted into the scenery at this point, where the traveler coming up through Windham and into the lake region, got his first view of the treasures that nature had in store for him. It was long known as a "Chadbourne" neighborhood, which was a hustling highway for commerce for more than half a century, particularly during the palmy days of the Cumberland and Oxford Canal, which tapped the lake a short distance from the tavern.

Other famous stage-coach taverns along the shores of the lake region, contemporary with this period, were the Church Inn at Naples, where guests arrived on the Oxford stage, and the old Cumberland Hotel in Bridgton which was the terminal for stage coach travelers from Norway en route to Portland.

The opening of steam navigation on the lakes was a momentous event in the lives of the inhabitants of Sebago Lake Land, and the ultimate successful operation of a fleet of steamers during the eighties and nineties turned a large tide of summer visitors to the lake region. The lake shores soon began to be thickly dotted with summer residences, hotels, and summer schools, so that a number of steamers making frequent trips were needed to accommodate the travel. In the early days the "fleet" consisted of only two boats which made no stops after leaving Chadbourne's landing at Standish until they reached Naples, and their only other stops were at Bridgton, North Bridgton, and Harrison. But by the turn of the century, passenger traffic had so increased that four steamers making frequent trips were needed to do the work for which two boats making two trips a day had formerly sufficed. Their regular stops were East Sebago, North Sebago, Raymond Cape, South Casco, the mouth of the Songo, Naples, Wildmere, Bridgton, North Bridgton, and Harrison, and they also stopped on signal at various private landings.

The first passenger steamer to ply the waters of Sebago and Long Lake was the *Fawn*, which made its initial trip

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

crowded with dignitaries and specially invited guests late in the summer of 1847. While it was not a financial success, it was an historic occasion in the lives of the inhabitants of Sebago Lake Land. An eyewitness report says that the whole country was depopulated for miles around, to make up the immense crowd that was gathered to see such a sight as "ne'er was seen before". Men, women, and children arrived from long distances in every conceivable type of vehicle at Chadbourne's landing, prepared to stay through the day to witness the *Fawn's* arrival. Then came the grand rush to the lakeside when the little steamer "puffed" around Indian Island and came into view.

Several amusing anecdotes are told of the *Fawn*. She was of very light draught, on account of the shoal water of the Songo Bar and other places, and at one time the water was very low because of an unusually prolonged drought. One morning the boat had a good load of passengers and a well-known stage driver named Seavey was on board, looking after the welfare of the passengers who were to ride into Portland with him. Seavey suddenly remarked that he was mighty glad that there was a heavy dew the night before. One of the passengers, thinking that it was a strange remark, asked why he was glad. "Because I shall not have to get off now and tow this old craft over the Bar" replied Seavey.

Another anecdote in connection with the old *Fawn* was long remembered at the expense of the engineer. "There was a maiden lady named Mary Emerson, a sister of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and a resident of Waterford, who was a frequent traveler over the route. She was very peculiar, and Mr. Caswell had a great horror of her. In the engine room was a chest that sat against the boiler. Miss Emerson seemed to be always cold, for she spent the greater part of her time while on the boat, in sitting on that chest. Mr. Caswell determined that he would try to frighten her away when next she took her favorite position. Soon she was again a passenger, and planted herself on the chest as usual. As soon

SEBAGO LAKE — QUEEN OF INLAND WATERS

as Mr. Caswell was at liberty he approached her and said, 'Miss Emerson, do you know that you are in a very dangerous place? If the boiler should happen to burst, you would be instantly killed.' Miss Emerson evidently mistrusted what Mr. Caswell was trying to do, and quietly replied, 'Mr. Caswell, I am prepared to go at any time when the Lord calls, and it makes no difference where I am.' She remained on the chest until the boat reached its destination."

The ill-fated boat was burdened with an engine and boiler many sizes too large for her, and she was cranky and poorly balanced. In making a short turn she would tip sideways, causing one of the paddle-wheels to lift out of the water, which resulted in the passengers literally working their passage when going through the Songo, walking to one side and then the other to keep her balanced. After being operated for a short period, the *Fawn* was dismantled, and her engine and boilers taken out and sold.

In 1869, the *Oriental*, another side-wheeler, was built, and its operation was so profitable that a larger boat, the *Sebago* was added to the line. The *Oriental* was destroyed by fire in 1871, while tied up at the Harrison wharf, and a new and "elegant" side-wheel steamer, the *Mt. Pleasant*, a twin boat to the *Sebago*, was added to the line, the two boats running daily until the *Sebago* met her fate by fire in 1873, at the old Bridgton landing. The successors to the side-wheelers were the *Hawthorne*, *Longfellow*, *Minnehaha*, and the *Hiawatha*, — all screw propeller vessels. In 1894, the little steamer *Sokokis* was built in Westbrook, and hauled by ox-team for service on the lake.

For many years the Hon. C. E. Gibbs of Bridgton controlled and managed the steamboat line, and Captain "Jim" Kennard was known to all travelers through this section. For a short period the line was owned by the S. D. Warren Paper Company of Cumberland Mills. This was at a time when the company was building a new dam on the Presumpscot River, which raised the water as far as the

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

head of Long Lake, and there was some uncertainty as to its effect on navigation.

Summer steamship traffic on the lakes however, reached its heyday when Captain Charles Goodridge, a Portland promoter in the old days, established the Songo River Line in 1896. He literally brought the world to Naples' doorstep, via the waterway, by extensively advertising "daily excursions to the Switzerland of America via the Songo River". He brought the *Louise* to Sebago, a little boat that formerly ran between Portland and Peak's Island, and rapidly increased steamship facilities until he had assembled a fleet of four turbine twin screw vessels, — the *Goodridge*, with a capacity of five hundred, the *Bay of Naples*, the *Worrumbus*, and the *Songo*.

Of the little white fleet, only one remains in summer activity today,—the *Songo*, which for nearly half a century has threaded its tortuous passage through the winding Songo River, interrupted briefly by the last war, and occasional low water in the river caused by drought. This strange and devious stream, the scene of so many poetical and legendary associations, still fascinates the summer visitor, as he rounds the sharp bends to the old lock, which raises the steamer seven feet in order to lift it over the rapids. In a distance of less than two miles as the crow flies, the stream meanders six miles, making twenty-seven turns. In fact, you actually meet yourself coming and going, because to get ahead, you must go back, and to go back you must get ahead! Its waters are so quiet and clear that it reflects in minute detail every bush and tree that arch overhead. It has been immortalized by Longfellow's poem:

"Nowhere such a devious stream
Save in fancy or in dream,
Winding slow through brush and brake
Links together lake and lake."

SEBAGO LAKE — QUEEN OF INLAND WATERS

The Indians named it Songo, which signifies "The Outlet", and legend has it that they shunned it at the ghostly hours of twilight or dawn, for they believed that at the bottom of the water "there is a spirit who is free only at this hour, and he watches the shadows on the river, and reaches up and grabs any Indian that pleases him." It is said that this picturesque and ideal locality was the metropolitan haunt of the Presumpscots, a sub-tribe of the Sokokis. Here at the confluence of the Songo and Crooked River was their great fish-catch and curing establishment. Tradition claims at this junction of the two rivers is a piece of primitive Indian engineering, long lost to view, that excited the imagination of engineers and antiquarians. It is no less than a stone dam across the river, said to be about a hundred feet in length, with sloping sides built of stones, none of which are larger than a man could lift. It was used as a fish weir by the Indians to catch salmon when they ascended the river.

And the spot which is now the lock, was to the Indians a sacred place, — an ancient cemetery, picturesquely situated by the waterfalls of the Songo, whose subdued melody united with many a weird scene of primitive days, as the wails of the bedecked warriors broke the solemn silence of the forest. Here they laid their dead in the birchen shroud with the implements that ministered to their daily needs.

If one, they say, is subject to the subtle influence of myth and the uncanny, he can, at certain times, hear an anguished wail which echoes along the darkly wooded shores of the neighborhood. Legend tells us that it is the mournful death-cry of the stricken chieftain of the once proud Sokokis, the mighty Polin, who received a mortal wound in battle with the whites in May 1746, and was carried by his sorrowing warriors and his heartbroken daughter, Princess Minnehaha, by canoe across Sebago to his last resting place under a beech tree on the banks of the Songo. The poet Whittier vividly portrays the tragic scene in his "Funeral Tree of the Sokokis";—

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

“Yet Heaven hath angels watching round
The Indian’s lowliest forest-mound,
And they have made it holy ground.”

Many years afterward a white captive of the Indians told of the method of Polin’s burial, as related to him by one of the tribe. He was told that they bent a staddle until the roots of the tree on one side were turned up. Then severing one arm to be buried in some holy Catholic burying ground, they placed the body beneath the roots, and let the tree spring back into its former position. Back in 1823, when the builders were constructing the first lock, they dug up a skeleton of a human being directly beneath a large tree, which was thought to be the body of the dead chieftain.

In the Indian days Sebago Lake was on the direct route of the ancient Sebago Trail from Canada to the Atlantic Coast, and ever since the time when the Indians traveled to and fro between the mountains and the sea, the waterway extending from Harrison at the head of Long Lake to the Presumpscot River by way of Brandy Pond, the Songo, and Sebago was their favorite means of travel. The Sokokis tribe of Indians, which in English means “People of the Outlet”, was known by different names. By some they were called Pequakets, while other writers designate them as the Ossipees, the Rockameecooks, and the Presumpscots. The names in reality, meant the different villages of the Sokokis family. Sebago, with its lovely environs, was the happy hunting and play ground of the Rockameecook branch of the tribe family, and under their mighty chief Polin, they roamed at will until the coming of the white man.

Evidences of numerous Indian camping grounds have been discovered, the largest one on the Windham side of what is known as the basin. Here more than one thousand Indian relics have been unearthed by the Kennard family of White’s Bridge. They consist of stone axes, tomahawks, arrow and spear heads, chisels, and pieces of pottery. There

SEBAGO LAKE — QUEEN OF INLAND WATERS

seems to be some truth in the Indian lament; — “We lived before the English came among us as well or better, if we may believe what our forefathers have told us. We then had room enough and plenty of deer which was easily caught. And though we had not knives, hatchets, or guns, such as we have now, yet we had knives of stone, and bows and arrows, and they served our purpose.”

Curiously enough it was the sea salmon which came up the Presumpscot River to Sebago Lake that led to a bloody war of six years duration between white and red men and which ultimately led to the extinction of the Sokokis tribe. The fish were speared by the Indians not only for fresh food, but also to be cured by a smoking process for future use. The trouble began in 1739, when Colonel Thomas Westbrook of Saccarappa (for whom the city of Westbrook is named) built the first dam on the Presumpscot River. This obstruction interfered with the progress of the salmon and Chief Polin soon discovered the cause.

The same year the Chief and some of his followers walked to Boston and protested to Governor Shirley the head of the Massachusetts government, demanding that the dam be removed. The proud Polin pleaded his cause with impressive pathos:

“Our goodly river you have dammed which yielded us fine salmon and other fish. Here from ancient time our people have hunted the deer, the moose, and the beaver. It is our country where our fathers died, where ourselves and our children were born. We are told that our country spreading far away from the sea is passing away to you forever. I say you have no right to it.”

After being assured that a fishway would be installed (which was promptly done) the chief was appeased for a time. But as the whites increased in numbers the supply of salmon for the Indians was greatly reduced. Again Polin went to Boston and interviewed Shirley. This time he demanded all land on both sides of the Presumpscot from

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

Sebago Lake to tide waters at Portland. Receiving no satisfaction he swore vengeance on the white settlers.

Many interesting tales are told of the lingering remnants of the tribe of the Sokokis. Some of the Indians were loathe to leave the ancient home that had been so dear to them, and remained after their territory became settled. Buried in the Andover cemetery in the Rangeley country is an Indian woman who was so constantly in demand by the settlers as a midwife, that she neither had the time nor the need to establish a home of her own. She was Mol Lockett, a famous squaw and doctress, and her grave denotes that she was the last of the Pequawkets or Sokokis. She was a picturesque character, and many anecdotes are related concerning her. Molly was very fond of "occuby", the Indian word for rum, and sometimes resorted to questionable methods to obtain it. One day calling at one of her favorite haunts, she bolted unceremoniously through the doorway, holding her jaw in both hands and giving utterance to the most agonizing groans, accompanied by violent contortions. "What's the matter, Molly," inquired the landlady in sympathetic tones. "Me got Toofache", replied Molly, "Give me occupy to hol in mouf. Quick, quick, me die." The required cordial was quickly furnished, and Molly as quickly filled her mouth. But strange to say her mouth refused to retain it, and it slipped down her throat. Again extending her hands for the bottle she muttered, "Golly dem rum good, but slips down easy. Gim me more. Me make rum stay if me try hundred times."

The curious inscription on her tombstone reads:

Mollocket baptized Mary Agatha.

Catholic died in the Christian faith Aug. 2 A.D. 1816.

Today the dim shadowy trails of Sebago Lake Land, so often trod by moccasin feet, have given way to broad connecting highways, crowded with rushing traffic. Swift

SEBAGO LAKE — QUEEN OF INLAND WATERS

Chris Craft and the whirl of the outboard motor reign on the waterways that once knew the light graceful canoe of the red men. And where the dome-roofed, bark-covered homes of the Indian spread along the shore of its lakes, there now cluster the domains of the white man.

Yet over all this lovely scene there is an intangible atmosphere of charm and serenity, which even the speeding motors and the rush of modern civilization cannot dispel. And when the last echo of the summer bustle has died among the peaks of Saddleback and Rattlesnake, and old Sebago comes into her tranquil self again:

“Methinks the dusky shadows of the days that are no more,
Still stalk around and haunt its lonely shore.”



LOOKING ACROSS SEBAGO LAKE TO RATTLESNAKE MOUNTAIN IN RAYMOND, FROM
SOKOKIS ROCK ON SANBORN'S POINT IN NORTH SEBAGO.
(*Courtesy Maine Publicity Bureau*)



MIRROR-LIKE BEAUTY OF SONGO RIVER AS IT APPEARS TODAY.
(Courtesy Maine Publicity Bureau)



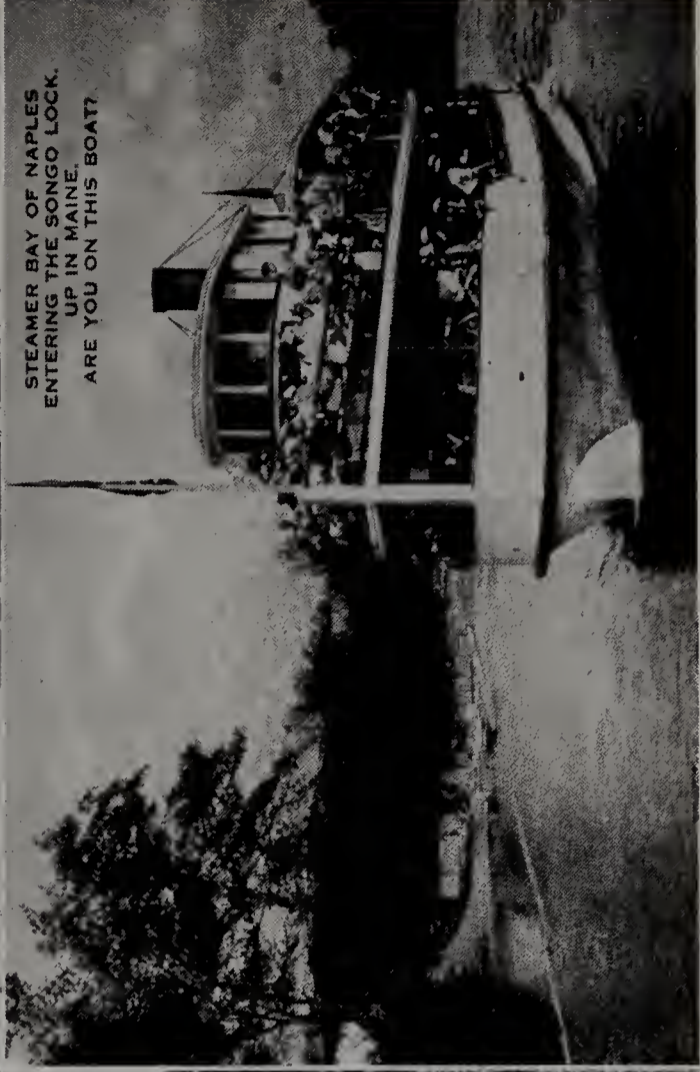
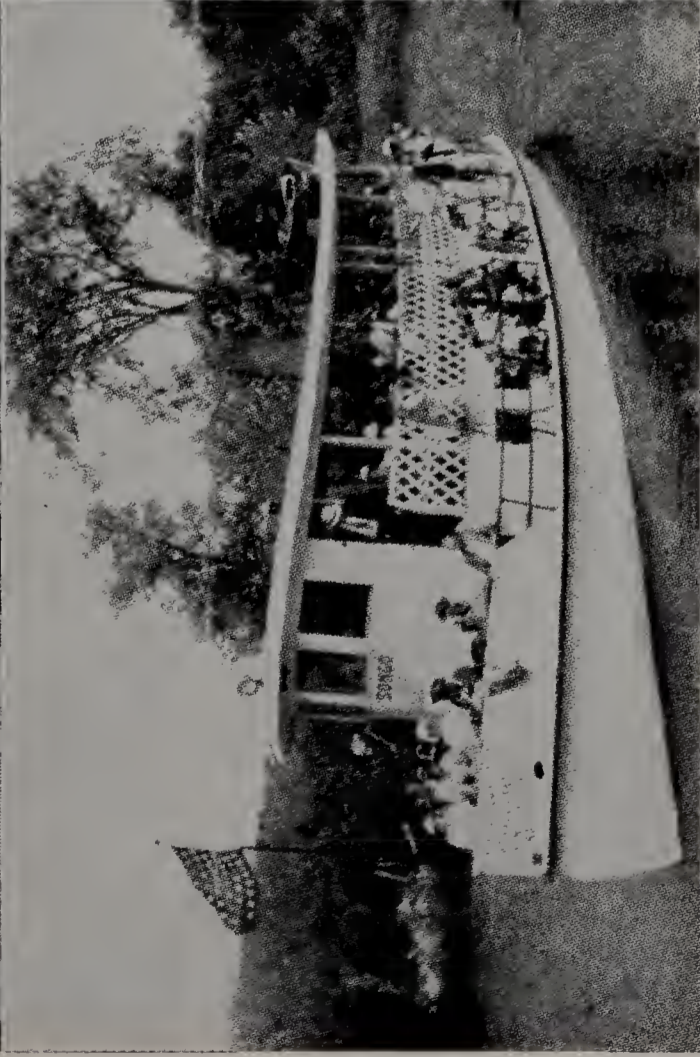
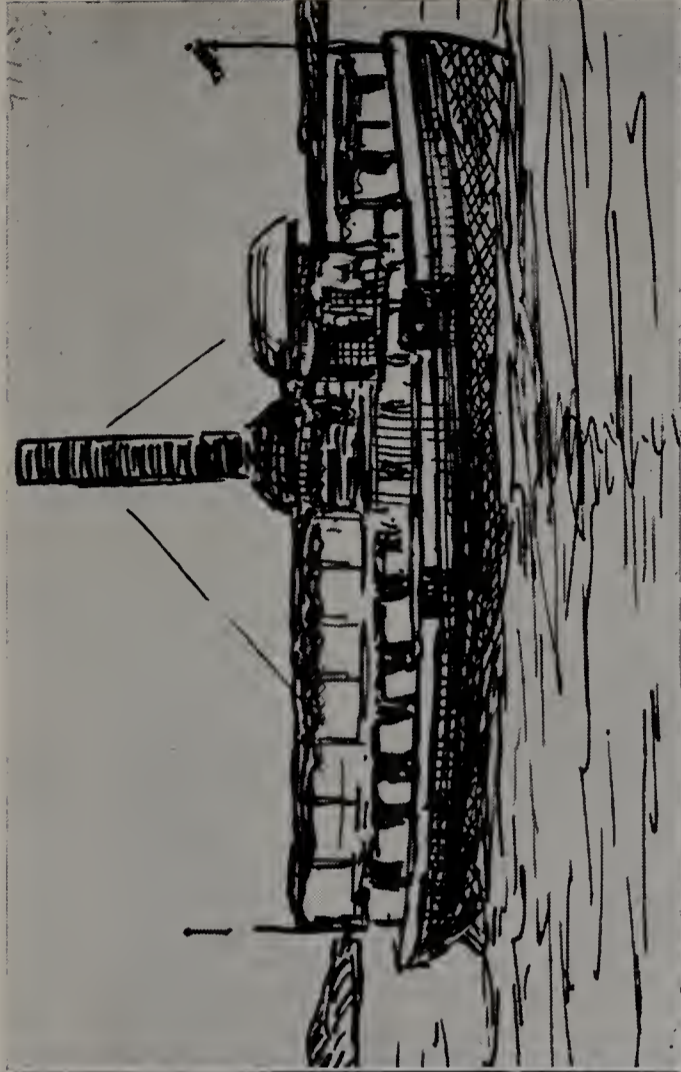
PANORAMIC VIEW OF WHITE MOUNTAINS AND LONG LAKE TAKEN FROM GROUNDS
OF BAY OF NAPLES INN.

(Courtesy Maine Publicity Bureau)

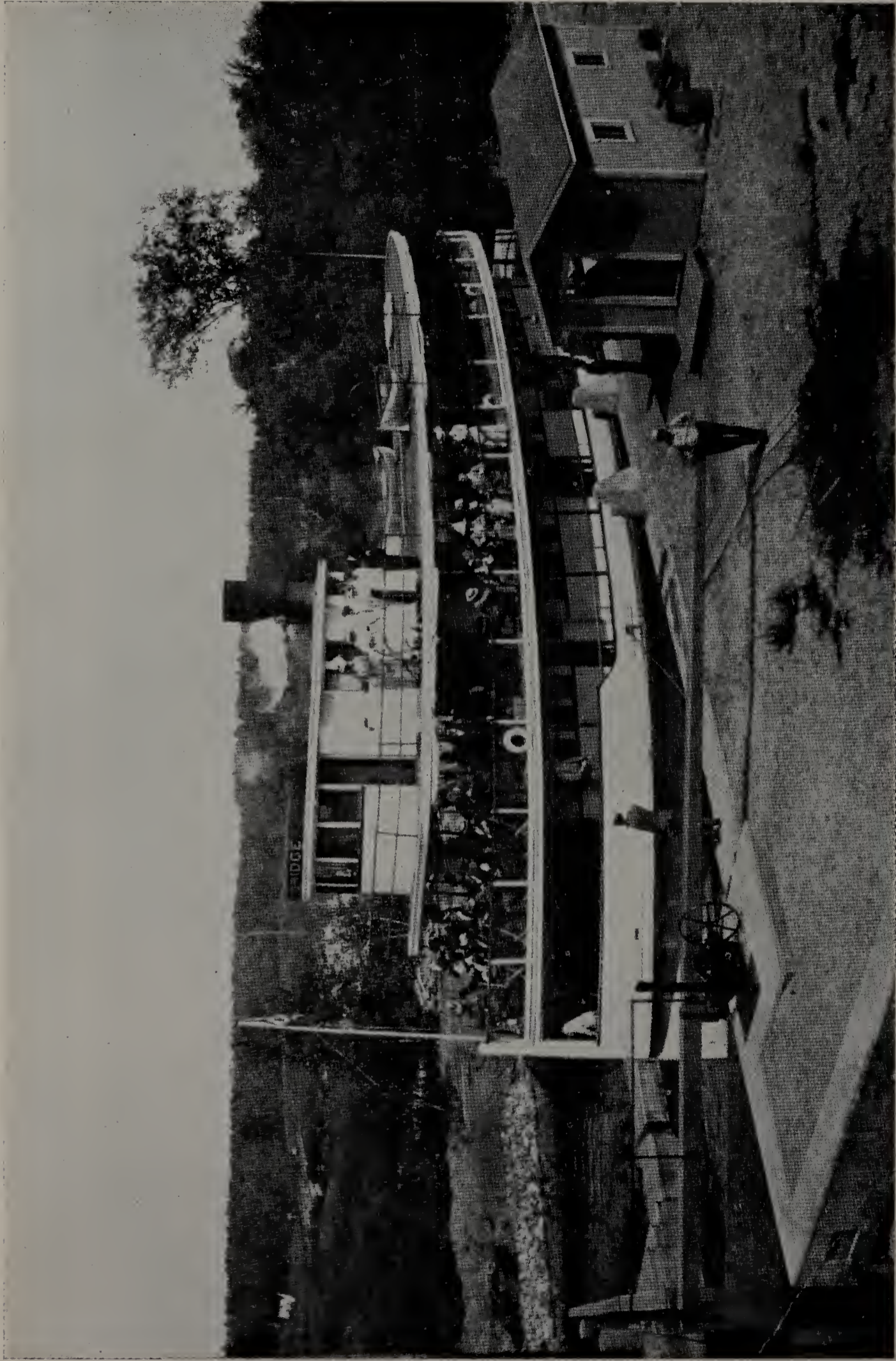


OLD STEAMBOAT LANDING AT SEBAGO LAKE STATION, FAMILIAR TO THE THOU-SANDS WHO JOURNEYED TO THE "SWITZERLAND OF MAINE".

(Courtesy Gannett Photo)



Upper left, old side-wheeler *Sebago*, hauled up for winter. (*Courtesy Maine Historical Society*).
Upper right, pen sketch *Hawthorne*, first of the screw propeller steamboats to run on the lakes.
Lower left, steamer *Songo*, the last of the Goodridge "white fleet". Lower right, the popular *Bay of Naples* with a capacity crowd enjoying the trip "Up the Songo" in the old days.
(*Courtesy Robert Norton*)



STEAMER GOODRIDGE, EN ROUTE FROM SEBAGO LAKE STATION TO HARRISON,
PASSING THROUGH SONGO LOCK.



STEAMBOAT LANDING AT BRIDGTON

A view of the old stage-coach that jolted the summer visitor to his destination.



SOUTH BRIDGTON STEAMER LANDING AND STAGECOACH

(Courtesy Robert Norton)

King Salmon — Salmo Sebago



EVER since that exciting and nerve-tingling moment when man first discovered that the wily Sebago salmon could be caught on hook and line, the most momentous question of springtime, at least here in Cumberland County, is not, as the poets would have us believe of love, but “just when is the ice going out?” For, in all truth, no army in all history has ever poised with greater intensity and eagerness to clash with its potential enemy than does the ever-increasing horde of spring fishermen in their impatience to commence their savage onslaught upon these sleek glistening bodies, that so gracefully glide beneath the surface of that magic stretch of water — Sebago Lake. And, too, it is the season of prognosticators, those sure-fire gentlemen, who lay claim to be able to forecast the exact day, hour, and minute when the ice will permit us to drag a line.

Newspaper records tell us that the earliest date on which the ice disappeared was on March 26th, 1946, and oddly enough the latest date occurred two years before that in 1944, when it remained until May 24th. The latest date prior to that was on May 8th, 1888, when Portland Harbor was frozen solid, so that sleighing and trucking was possible from the mainland to Peak’s Island.

An early tabulation of the dates of the ice going out, kept by an old gentleman who had resided on the shores of Sebago Lake, and handed down from generation to generation, shows that April has always been the popular month

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

of the "big break". To lovers of statistics the following dates might be of interest:—

May 7, 1807; May 1, 1812; April 30, 1816; April 29, 1819; April 25, 1820; April 29, 1821; April 12, 1822; April 23, 1823; April 17, 1824; April 16, 1825; April 18, 1826; April 14, 1834; May 1, 1837; April 29, 1841; May 2, 1843; April 17, 1844; April 24, 1845; April 14, 1846; April 29, 1849; May 4, 1852; April 27, 1855; April 14, 1857; April 13, 1858; April 29, 1862; April 28, 1863; April 18, 1866; April 26, 1867; April 5, 1871; May 4, 1872; May 1, 1873; May 7, 1874; May 6, 1875; May 1, 1876; April 23, 1877; April 12, 1878; May 5, 1879; April 13, 1880; April 24, 1881; April 10, 1882; April 29, 1883; April 23, 1884; April 26, 1885; April 25, 1886; May 1, 1887; May 8, 1888; April 12, 1889; April 24, 1890; April 23, 1891; April 11, 1892; May 4, 1893; April 19, 1894; April 21, 1895; April 21, 1896; April 22, 1897; April 13, 1898; April 22, 1899; April 26, 1900; April 15, 1901; March 30, 1902; March 28, 1903; April 23, 1904; April 25, 1905; April 22, 1906; April 30, 1907; April 25, 1908; April 15, 1909; April 3, 1910; April 29, 1911; April 23, 1912; April 9, 1913; April 20, 1914; April 12, 1915; April 18, 1916; April 24, 1917; April 26, 1918; April 1, 1919; April 23, 1920; March 28, 1921; April 14, 1922; April 22, 1923; April 16, 1924; April 4, 1925; April 30, 1926; April 15, 1927; April 8, 1928; April 10, 1929; April 7, 1930; April 12, 1931; Open all Winter, 1932; April 10, 1933; April 20, 1934; April 17, 1935; March 27, 1936; Open all Winter, 1937; April 2, 1938; April 23, 1939; May 3, 1940; April 12, 1941; April 8, 1942; April 17, 1943; May 24, 1944; April 1, 1945; March 26, 1946; Open all Winter, 1947; April 2, 1948; Open all Winter, 1949.

Nevertheless it always seems like a long, long, winter to the amateur Isaac Walton who has been enthusiastically perfecting plans for stalking his quarry, preparing tackle and awaiting only the zero hour. Not for him is the seasoned advice of the expert, for he prefers his own favorite lures and hardware. He has his own particular choice too, as to trolling spots and certain hours of fishing when he is most sure of success. The old time-tested proverb that "apple blossom time is surely the best fishing time", or that "the wind from the south blows the bait into the fishes' mouth" leaves him quite cold.

He has his own particular ideas too, as to the origin of landlocked salmon notwithstanding the fact that it has been the subject of widely divergent opinion down through the years since the discovery of Maine's inland waters. Some members of the fishing fraternity offer the strange theory that the salmon must have been imprisoned through the creation of impassible dams caused by geological upheavals. The popular belief at least is that these fish became 'land-

locked' because of man-created dams which prevented them from returning to the sea.

Such however does not appear to be the case. There is evidence that salmon existed in some of Maine's inland waters before the era of dam building, long before the advent of the Europeans on our coast. The Indians speak of it in their primitive traditions, and the early writings of the Jesuit Fathers make mention of the 'vast shoals of fish' found in lakes and streams during their travels in this state.

It is a matter of historical record that in pioneer days salmon were so much of a glut on the market, that it was often stipulated in the indentures of apprentices that they should not be forced to eat salmon more than six times a week!

It is claimed that the term "landlocked" is a misnomer. Although the name has been quite generally adopted for a salmon which passes its whole life in inland fresh water, the voluntary process of "landlocking" was probably inspired by suitable conditions of food and water with the development from many generations of interbreeding. As plausible an explanation as any, perhaps, is that suggested by a wise old Indian guide, "that the landlocked salmon is a salmon who forgot to go to sea."

Altho the landlocked species has been favored with a variety of names the one most generally accepted today is *Salmo Sebago*. It is thus designated by Dr. Charles Girard of the Smithsonian Institute in 1852. He held to the theory that the inland species was identical with the sea run salmon scientifically known as *Salmo Salar*.

The late Dr. William C. Kendall of Freeport, a widely known ichthyologist who made a special study of native inland water salmon also favored that theory and pointed out that 'landlocked' salmon were found only in deep cold waters containing smelts. However many inland waters containing smelts did not contain salmon even though they were accessible from the sea previous to the erection of

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

impassable dams. Landlocked salmon he says, are distinctly a Maine species and with the exception of Lakes Ontario and Champlain they were never found to occur naturally in any United States waters outside of this state. They existed in certain Canadian lakes where they were known as 'ouaniche'. The famous 'ouaniche' of the upper Saguenay River is a 'landlocked' salmon. From there it is said to occur northward and westward into Labrador.

However Maine is the only state in the union to boast of being the native habitat of this fish and Sebago Lake in which the 'landlocked' salmon were first discovered is one of its four original homes, the others being Sebec, Green, and Grand Lakes, all of which are in Maine. In these waters it reaches its largest size of any in North America.

Sebago Lake has a world-wide reputation for big fish, and the earliest mention of the size of Sebago salmon occurs, curiously enough, in the youthful diary of the great novelist, Nathaniel Hawthorne. He spent most of his boyhood days at the lake prior to 1825, residing with relatives at South Casco. "On the way home", he writes "from the Island (Frye's) to the 'Images' Mr. Ring caught a black-spotted trout that was almost a whale. It weighed, before it was cut open, eighteen and one-half pounds."

It was common practice at that time to call a landlocked salmon a "trout", — the term "landlocked" being then unknown, and, to distinguish it from a brook trout which was called a "redspot", it was labelled a "blackspotted trout". It is very evident that big fish were pretty plentiful in those halcyon days, as the Boston Transcript of 1830 notices "the appearance of eighteen pound 'trout' from Sebago Pond for sale at the Boston Fish Market.

In these days one can but dimly imagine the scene vividly pictured by a Sebago angling expert, writing in a magazine a hundred years ago, "acres of water boiling with smelts and salmon but a boat's length ahead, and very ordinary

and everyday fishermen reeling in from twelve to eighteen pound fish."

"What has become of these big ones?", is the fisherman's lament of today. Mostly they have fled before the march of civilization, for Maine has become one of the water powers of New England. Her falls have been dammed to turn countless wheels of industry. Authoritative writers on the subject also attribute the great scarcity of salmon to the spear in the hands of the poacher, particularly in the 1870's and eighties, before the law clamped down on the practice. It is reported that in the year 1867, more than a thousand were speared on the spawning beds of Crooked and the Songo Rivers alone.

But it might be encouraging to add, for the benefit of the young enthusiast of today, that the fabulous big ones of history did not all succumb to the evil wiles of the poacher, nor did they all succeed in getting away.

Imagine if you can a 35 pound landlocked salmon hooked securely on the end of your line. Well newspaper records show that a Daniel Crockett actually netted one of this size in Sebago Lake in 1893, presumably at the spawning grounds, and Charles K. Bispham of Philadelphia, for many years a summer resident of the lake testified that he had seen them on the spawning beds weighing 30 pounds or more.

But then Sebago Lake has long had a reputation for big fish, and in those good old fishing days twenty and twenty-five pounders were fairly common. Legend has it that a salmon came ashore on the spawning grounds near Frye's Island, so large that it had to be killed with a shotgun. A local angler who has fished these waters for more than half a century, informs me that he has in the past not only landed several big ones between twenty and thirty pounds, but was once a witness of a very unusual happening, — the successful netting of a salmon that had been hooked by the tail. Certainly these fish must have been pretty plentiful

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

50 odd years ago to permit the old guide Ed Gilman to spear no less than fifty-two salmon all in one night at North Sebago.

Salmon were running fairly large as late as 1911, when a fourteen pounder won the David Bispham cash prize for the biggest catch of the season. And a curious fish yarn that might be hard to beat is the true story of how the late Jim Pooler, the once popular host at the Falmouth Hotel in Portland, had his line and tackle carried overboard by a big one, to be hooked later complete, fish, line and all by Will Nason of North Sebago.

Of this fact there is no question, that the man who has been fortunate enough to hook even an eight or ten pound salmon and succeeded in landing him has been given more thrills and excitement than the ordinary fisherman experiences in a lifetime.

Other large ones have been taken from Sebago waters, one 35 pounder in 1907. But that one came from a weir where salmon were being held for stripping purposes, and has never been rated as a rod and reel catch.

The year 1907 curiously enough, was a banner year for the 'big' ones in Sebago Lake, for it produced not only a sixteen pounder but also the world's record landlocked salmon ever taken on hook and line. The story of its capture as told by Henry S. Beverage, in the Portland Sunday Telegram constitutes perhaps the strangest fish story ever told, and illustrates most vividly the old axiom that 'truth is oftentimes stranger than fiction'.

"It was in the summer of 1907, that Mr. Edward B. Blakely of New York and a summer resident of South Casco set out alone in a rowboat early in the forenoon.

He recalls vividly that he had no luck, blistered hands being the only things he could show for his labor, and he had half a mind to quit after going ashore for lunch.

Feeling better with the inner man replenished, he decided to give the fish another try, but after a short and

painful session with the oars he gave it up, anchored the boat just off the Songo Bar, and started smelt fishing. His trolling tackle which he describes as an old steel rod and a hand-me-down line, he left as it was, the hook, baited with a shiner, in the deep water over the stern. The smelts were biting, and he was busy for a short time after anchoring the boat, the salmon line forgotten.

He was considering changing his location to a spot farther out in the Lake where Harry Kennard was also smelt fishing, with good results. All at once the rod on the stern began acting crazily. The tip went out of sight in the water, the reel began to sing, and by the time Blakely had reached it a huge silver form broke out of the lake a few yards astern.

It was not only unbelievable, it was frightening. Blakely called to Kennard, "Is that fish on my line?" Harry replied that it was, but added the observation that it wouldn't be there long. Did Blakely want any help? Kennard asked. The man with the fish admitted that he did; his boat was anchored, he had two smelt lines in the water, and no net, he explained. So Kennard lifted his anchor, had his fishing companion row him along side and got into the boat with Blakely, taking the oars and heading for deeper waters.

During the next hour and a half the fish put on an exhibition that would have shamed a tarpon. He was out of the water twelve times, many jumps taking him several feet into the air. For variety he would go to bottom and sulk. Blakely said there were times when he could feel the fish rubbing his snout in the sand, trying to break the line or disgorge the hook.

He gradually tired and was brought alongside. The only implement aboard to bring him in was a crude gaff, made by fastening a large fishhook on a stick. When Kennard reached out to gaff the fish, he made another bid for freedom, the gaff hook which had caught him in his side being straightened out by the power of his rush. Hurt and frightened more than before, he used his remaining energy

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

to put on another series of leaps and rushes. It became apparent to both men that the fish could never be lifted into the boat even though tired to exhaustion. Then Kennard had an idea; the next time the monster came alongside they would "wash" him in.

They did just that; both men leaning on one side of the boat until it began taking in water. The rush of water brought the fish with it, and a quick movement righted the boat, though not until it was quarter filled with Sebago water.

Blakely declares that he sat on the fish despite the water in the boat until Kennard rowed them ashore. Not until then, two hours and ten minutes after the fish struck, did he disgorge the hook. While he had been playing the fish, the Sebago Lake steamer, loaded with sight-seers, came up the lake headed for the Songo. When the boat came in near shore Blakely held up his prize. Everyone on the steamer rushed to one side of the craft, with the result that she began taking water, and a catastrophe was averted only through prompt action by some of the level-headed passengers.

As reports of the fish got around people came from all over the Sebago section to see it, and it was not until hours later that the salmon was weighed. It tipped the scales at twenty-two pounds and eight ounces. Undoubtedly it would have weighed twenty-three pounds when first taken from the water."

From 5 to 6 pounds seems to have been the average size catch of late years, the prize winner of the Memorial Week Fishing Derby held at the lake this year (1949) weighing slightly over five pounds. But another truly all-time record was achieved at Sebago Lake when a 10½ pound brown trout was hauled from its depths this Spring.

A striking tribute is paid to "king" salmon by an enthusiastic writer—"And of all the fish of passage to the sea, the salmon is the most remarkable. He is certainly the noblest and ranks the highest in intellectual instinct. His keen and

lively eye not only measures the objects of his pursuit, but he smells them and tastes them, and if in a capricious mood rejects the bait after having taken hold of it as every salmon fisherman knows to his chagrin. The experienced angler justly looks upon him as the 'king of inland waters' and what can compare with his beautiful proportions, his rapid and graceful motions, his silvery hues, his rich and delicate flavor?"

But the picture of Sebago Lake fishing would not be complete without some mention of horse and buggy days, when excited groups of local and out-of-state fishermen garbed in the gaudy but then fashionable sport-store attire would crowd the Mountain Division train to Mattocks. Then came the thrilling moment of the trip — the lively and somewhat hazardous eight-mile jaunt to the fishing grounds through deep forests, precariously perched on Chute's rickety buckboard. Mention should be made too of some of the famous old-time Sebago fishing guides such as Mark Bachelder, of North Sebago; and Carleton Martin, Dave Burnell and Thomas Hill from East Sebago the latter being the favorite guide of the late Leon Spaulding, the Sportsman millionaire.

Legend-like stories are already beginning to surround the picturesque weather-beaten figure of old Linc Daniels, who passed on some twenty years ago. Linc's sworn mission in life was to catch that big fish which had always eluded him by an annoying trick of removing the hook by rubbing against a stone on the bottom. He knew there were big ones in the lake. "He'd seen 'em as big as whales, by gorry" up on the spawning grounds of Crooked River. "Yes sir, hundreds of 'em. 30 and 40 pounders, and he'd get a hook into one of 'em, as sure as shootin' before he cashed in his checks."

They tell of his last tragic fishing trip in search of his life's quest, full of years, and stiffened with rheumatics.

Towards eventime in the channel that runs out from Bachelder's Brook he had at last hooked his 'whale'. Immediately forgotten was age and stiffened joints, and he played

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

his quarry with all his old-time skill and fire. But just at the supreme moment when he went to net his prize, his shaking hands faltered, and with a silver flash the big fish plunged into the depths of the lake, carrying with it the end of the broken fishline as the tip of the bamboo rod cracked against the side of the boat. And that was the end of old Linc, for as he lost his big fish he lost heart and spirit, and it wasn't long afterwards that he cashed in his checks without accomplishing his life's desire.

Fortunately, however, to catch fish is not *all* of fishing. To a host of springtime anglers and true lovers of nature, the fun of fishing is sometimes more important than the fish, for to them will come at first hand the heartening messages of a belated spring. In the meadows and woodlands where swift waters run, they will hear the music of returning song-birds, they will see the thickening boughs against the April sky, and the sweet scents of an awakening earth will be in their nostrils.

And too, it is the season of the year when one is subject to that indefinable longing to escape the mad swirl of civilization. Some say it is the heritage from our savage ancestors, inherent in every one of us, that compels the desire to spend a short space of our lives at least, in the silent places:—

“Do you know the blackened timber — do you
know the racing stream?

With the raw night—angled log jam at the end?
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man
may bask and dream

To the click of shod — canoe-poles round the
bend?

It is there that we are going with our rods, reels
and traces,

To a silent smoky Indian that we know,
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock with the star-
light in our faces

For the Red Gods call and we must go.”

(Kipling)

The Cumberland & Oxford Canal & Early Lake Travel



INCREDIBLE as it may seem to a yachting enthusiast of today, time was when he could have sailed a craft up to sixty feet in length, out of Boston harbor, along the coast of Massachusetts and Maine to Portland, and then inland fifty miles to the head of Long Lake in Harrison, without once stepping off his own deck. This was during the colorful period of the famous Cumberland and Oxford Canal, one of the most extraordinary and unfortunate enterprises ever conceived in the State of Maine. Few men, if any, can hearken back to that exciting period when the canal was in operation, with more than a hundred canal boats plying a lively trade between Sebago Lake and Portland, carrying passengers and general freight.

In the early days of Maine's transportation, before the era of railroads and good roads, the long winding trail through the valley of the White Mountains was the main thoroughfare that connected the city of Portland with the vast territory to the north, which abounded in rich farm produce and excellent stands of timber and hardwood. And the Portland of those days was the trading metropolis for everybody east of the Connecticut River in New Hampshire, and the eastern fringe of Vermont. The only means of conveyance in existence then was by ox or horse teams. Consequently to quote an early historian:

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

“The streets of the then fast growing settlement of Portland were invariably clogged with long strings of oxen hauling heavy loads to the Portland waterfront for shipment to Massachusetts and the West Indies. Lumber from Saccarappa (now Westbrook) and from the saw mills on the Saco River, shooks from Fryeburg, Hiram, and Baldwin, and barrel staves from Standish. ‘Varmonsters’ from the Coos country, dressed in vivid blue woolen smocks, driving their red pungs.”

When loaded and equipped for a journey a pung must have made quite a spectacle. In the body of the vehicle sat the farmer’s wife with maybe a child or two, all bundled up with buffalo robes. Around them were heaped all the things prepared for sale; — cheese, dried herbs, bundles of knitted stockings and wristers, and farm produce, — until the whole outfit looked like a miniature mountain on runners. As for the man himself, he trotted alongside, for there was no room for him on board. And to the side of every departing pung there was securely tied a huge hunk of frozen bean porridge, and a hatchet with which to chop a piece when hungry. Thus the old familiar rhyme:—

“Bean porridge hot, bean porridge cold,
Bean porridge in the pod, nine days old.”

Sometimes teams stretched for more than a mile out on the old Stroudwater road, halting for refreshments at the notorious Horse Tavern which stood somewhere in the vicinity of Union Station, a favorite place for these noisy teamsters. The peaceful early morning slumbers of the irate citizens would be rudely disturbed by the raucous cries of the drivers goading their plodding beasts, and their loud exclamations, “Gee Star” and “Whoa hisk” could be heard for long distances, leaving the suffering populace to infer that the oxen were exceedingly deaf.

The wharf largely used for the shipping out of these goods

THE CUMBERLAND AND OXFORD CANAL

was old Portland Pier, featured in the popular doggerel verse of those days, and known to all sailors from New York to Singapore:

“Old horse, old horse, what brought you here?
From Saccarap to Portland Pier.
I’ve carted boards this many a year
Till killed by blows and sore abuse,
They salt me down for sailor’s use.”

Doubtless many worn-out oxen found their ignominious ending in the tough rations served in forecastles of the old-time sailing ships of that period, but it was officially denied that horse beef or “old horse” as the sailors derisively nicknamed it, was ever really served as food. Nevertheless the early sailors were quite convinced that worn out horses were slaughtered for their meal table:

“And if you don’t believe my story true,
In the harness cask you’ll find my shoe.”

The exigencies of the War of 1812, demonstrated the country’s need for quicker transportation, and the second decade of the last century saw the development of waterways by means of canals. As early as 1791, a committee of Portland men was chosen to ascertain the practicability of a “canal from Sebago Pond to the Presumpscot River”. Nothing came of their proposals until after Maine became a separate state in 1820. The next year a charter was granted by the Maine legislature to construct a canal from Waterford in Oxford County to the navigable waters of Fore River in Portland, under the name of the Cumberland and Oxford Canal Corporation.

Certainly Dame Nature lent herself admirably to the venture, for ever since time immemorial when the Indians traveled to and fro between the mountains and the sea, the

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

waterway extending from Harrison at the head of Long Lake through Brandy Pond, along the sinuous Songo to Sebago Lake, to the mouth of the Presumpscot River had been a favorite means of travel. The report of the canal committee, intended to encourage investors, paints a glowing picture indeed:

“Of the vast quantities of fuel and lumber of all kinds that will necessarily be brought down the canal, Portland will be the grand receptacle. It is estimated by competent judges that no less than twenty thousand cords of wood are consumed annually in the Town of Portland, which at an average price of four dollars per cord amounts to eighty thousand dollars. This article may be purchased, when the canal shall have been completed, in Standish and on the shores of Sebago Pond, at ONE DOLLAR per cord. If the present generation of men can be made sensible of their true interests, and awakened to a just sense of social duties, they will not only secure a plentiful harvest for their exertions and toils, but will establish a claim of gratitude on the coming age, that will insure them of imperishable fame.”

The engineer who had constructed the Erie Canal was selected to estimate its cost and feasibility. He placed the probable expense at \$130,804. This was considered a very low estimate by the canal committee, although they “did not deem it their duty to spend time or paper in argument to convince the skeptical, as it was clearly correct.” The first meeting of the shareholders was held in Portland, November 27, 1823. To aid the undertaking the Maine legislature that same year created a lottery to raise \$50,000, the amount raised and paid into the State treasury after the prizes had been deducted, to be turned over to the Canal Corporation.

The lottery tickets were snapped up, not only in Maine but in Massachusetts and other sections of New England. It is said that a deacon of a Baptist Church at what is now Oxford, drew one of the capital prizes of \$5000 and, to ease his conscience, devoted part of it to build a new church.

THE CUMBERLAND AND OXFORD CANAL

Dealers in lottery tickets made window displays of them, and inserted advertisements in the Portland and Boston papers. One dealer in tickets headed his advertisement with this verse:

“Whether native, French, English, or Scot,
If you venture a little it may be your lot
To gain a high prize, and then you may say
I’ll work in fair weather and rest a wet day.”

But somehow, even the alluring lottery prizes did not produce the hoped for revenue. The undaunted promoters however, found in a sympathetic legislature, further aid. In 1825, the Canal Bank at Portland was chartered with a capital of \$300,000. One of the principal conditions of the charter was that a quarter part of the capital should be invested in the stock of the Canal Company. Thus came into being the present Canal Bank of Portland. With all these aids and individual subscriptions and loans, construction was begun in 1825, and soon the whole countryside was alive with hordes of imported burly Irishmen, who with hand picks, shovels, and wheelbarrows excavated the earth and built the tow paths.

The bank along the route was dotted with rude hastily built shanties which overflowed with women and children, sometimes five or six families to a hut. These were strange doings indeed, amidst the normally quiet valleys of the Presumpscot. The enterprise was, what its promoters called, a stupendous one, for not only was it necessary to dig a channel twenty miles long and wide enough for boats to navigate but, as Sebago is two hundred and sixty feet above tidewater level, no less than twenty-eight locks had to be constructed as well. These were eighty feet long and ten feet wide in the clear. The sides were massively constructed of stone masonry with strong wooden gates at either end, and were operated by balance beams. Of the

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

twenty-eight locks constructed, only one remains in good condition, the Songo River Lock, which is still operated today as it was a century ago.

The route of the canal which started near White's Bridge on Sebago Lake went parallel with the Presumpscot River through the towns of Standish, Windham, and Gorham to a point a little above the mills at Westbrook, where it left the river and cut across the country to Stroudwater, terminating at a point near the foot of Clark Street in Portland. The locations of these locks are of interest because of the names, now obsolete, which they bore. The first lock at the Sebago Lake entrance to the canal was called "Upper Guard Lock". Another lock was near the road leading from Standish to North Windham. One lock was at Steep Falls, two at Middle Jam, below Steep Falls, one lock about a mile below Middle Jam, two at Great Falls, two at Whitney's Falls, one at Sandbank, one at Dundee Falls, two at Kemps, one at Gambo (now known as Newhall), two at Little Falls, and two at Mallison's or "Horse beef" Falls in Windham. It was necessary to build seven locks near Stroudwater to bring the canal on a level with low water at low tide. The final lock was at the foot of Clark Street called "Guard Lock". Each lock gave an average fall of ten feet, and the canal had a fall of about one foot to a mile.

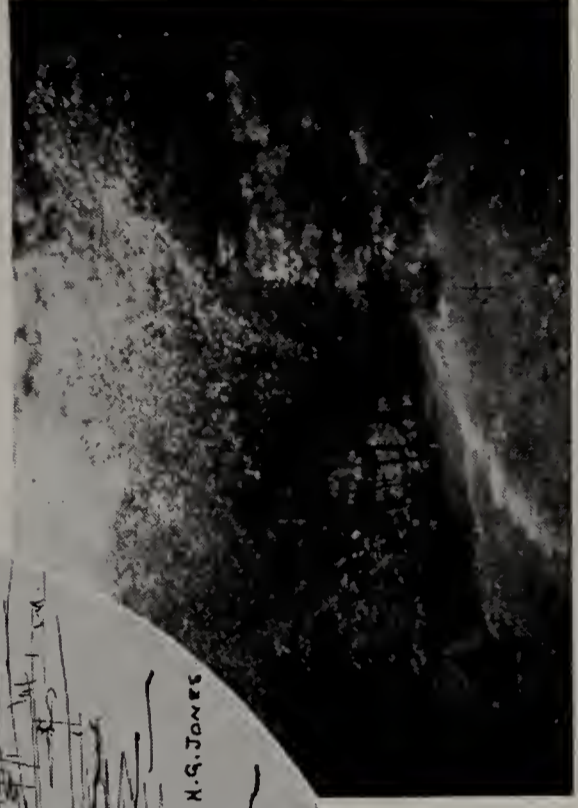
The method of passing through the locks was a very simple and practical affair. Let us suppose that a boat was making its way from Portland to some point on the lake. The lock tender would be warned of its approach by a long loud blast on a tin horn, or sometimes a lively ra-ta-ta on a bugle, which would echo through the neighborhood for miles. The lock-tender, if he were on the job, would have the lock empty and the lower gate wide open. The boat would then be steered in and the gate behind it would be closed, and the upper gates opened, allowing the water to



Famous guide Linc Daniels, holding world's record landlocked salmon caught on rod and line, by Edward Blakely of New York City in 1907. Weight $22\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, length 38 inches.



THE OLD C. & O. CANAL AS IT APPEARS TODAY AT THE IRON BRIDGE ON ROUTE 35,
FROM SEBAGO LAKE STATION TO NORTH WINDHAM.
(Courtesy, Maine Department of Transportation)



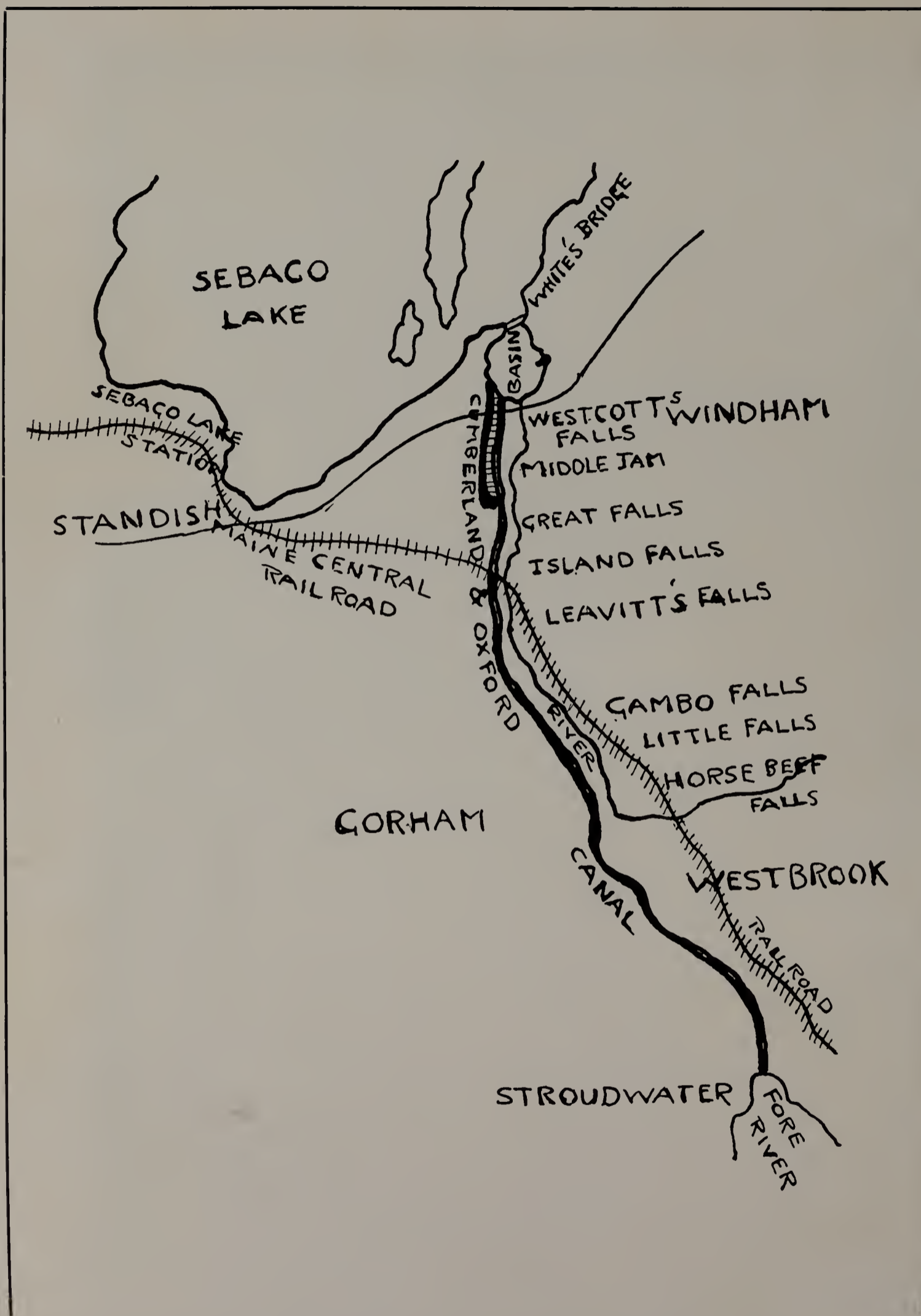
Upper left hulk of old canal boat *Ethel* at Naples. Upper right the *Arthur Willis*, last canal boat to go through the canal. Center pen sketch of canal in operation. Lower left canal boat loading wood. (Courtesy *George B. Illsley*). Lower right a bit of historic towpath near covered bridge in Windham.



HORSEBEEF (MALLISON'S) FALLS ON THE PRESUMPCOT RIVER, SOUTH WINDHAM,
— SITE OF THE FIRST MILL BUILT IN 1740.
(*Courtesy Maine Publicity Bureau*)



PICTURESQUE COVERED BRIDGE OVER PRESUMPCOT IN WINDHAM, — THE LAST
OF ITS KIND IN CUMBERLAND COUNTY.
(Courtesy Maine Publicity Bureau)



MAP SHOWING ROUTE OF CUMBERLAND AND OXFORD CANAL.



"Old Church", Standish built in 1806, painted a dull brick red, and spoken of locally as "The Old Brown Church."

Unique tomb of John Anderson in old Smith Cemetery, South Windham, — said to be a facsimile of Washington's grave at Mount Vernon.





PLEASANT ELM-SHADED VILLAGE OF RAYMOND

(Courtesy John Marshall)

THE CUMBERLAND AND OXFORD CANAL

enter the bottom. Then the boat would slowly rise to the upper level.

More often than not a hitch would occur, and the atmosphere would be thick with soul-stirring and highly flavored adjectives, — or at times the sides of the canal would cave in, suspending all traffic. The red-shirted crews would then congregate at the nearest village tavern, and spend the time in boisterous fun telling stories, boxing and wrestling. Sometimes bitter feuds would break out between the boatmen and the lock-tenders, and nothing used to annoy the boatmen more than when the boys of the neighborhood would call after them, "Fresh water sailors on the raging canal."

The canal boats which sailed across the lakes and were towed through the canal were of unique construction. They were about sixty-five feet in length, ten feet in beam, and nearly five feet deep, blunt of bow, square stern, and flat-bottomed, and when unloaded drew only three feet of water. Instead of a keel, they were provided with two center-boards, one near the bow, and another abaft the mainsail, which held them closer to the wind than a keel craft could point. Their rigging consisted of a foresail and mainsail with a hoist of thirty feet, but no bowsprit or jib. A small platform was decked over the bow, and in the stern was a small cabin which served the triple purpose of cook-room, dining-room, and sleeping room for passengers and crew, the latter usually consisting of two men besides the captain. The masts were set in jaws so as to be lowered like the "shutting of a knife", when passing under a bridge in the canal.

The cost of constructing a boat averaged about five hundred dollars, and while they were made to carry about thirty tons of freight, they generally were overloaded to twice that amount. The crew were paid thirty-five dollars a month, while the captain usually got fifty, unless he was the owner. but the humble driver of the tow horses had to be satisfied

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

with twenty dollars. Some of the prominent boat owners were Benjamin Walker, Christopher Sampson, James Potter, Elijah Libby, Luther Fitch, William Henry Chadbourne, Otis Knight, Chase Brothers, Roger and Joel Mason, Hugh and Jesse Plummer, Benjamin Davis, Elijah Fulton, and Sam Mitchell, besides many others who owned each a single boat. The owners were generally the captains, and gave their boats such fancy names as *Waterwitch*, *Sebago*, *Honest Quaker*, *Boisterous*, *Speedwell*, *Columbia*, *Legislator*, *Peacock*, *Reindeer*, *Mary Ann*, *Chancellor*, *Leader*, and the *Jack Downing*. And what these boats lacked in lines, as a yachtsman would say, they more than made up for in their gaudy appearance and gaily garbed boatmen.

From Harrison Village at the head of Long Lake to the entrance of the canal at the Basin was approximately thirty miles. From the Basin to Portland was twenty miles, thus making about fifty miles of navigable waters which played a great part in the development of the surrounding country. Mills sprang up along the route, and lumber, shooks, cordwood, hoops, and farm products were "canal boated" to Portland, while groceries, furniture, and general merchandise were included in the return cargoes. Toll rates were figured on so much a mile, — apples three miles for each barrel, powder so much a ton, masts and spars seven dollars a load flat, and wood for fuel two to three cents a mile per cord. Ten cents a mile was charged for each hogshead of rum, but passengers could travel for half a cent a mile. No boat was allowed to go faster than four miles per hour through the canal, and none could pass through on the Sabbath.

The opening of the canal on Tuesday, June first, 1830 caused great excitement in the farm settlements along the canal's course. For the first time the inhabitants of Harrison could deliver farm produce to Portland without recourse to a long tiresome road journey over narrow rocky trails for most of the way. Starting at Harrison the canal

THE CUMBERLAND AND OXFORD CANAL

boats sailed down Long Lake to Naples, through Brandy Pond (Bay of Naples) into the Songo River where they entered the first of a series of locks. The Songo Lock is still used by the Songo River Steamers. They were then poled along the twisting narrow Songo into Sebago Lake where they raised their stumpy little masts, set sail and, wind permitting, sailed down Sebago between Frye's Island and the tip of Raymond Cape, across Jordan's Bay to White's Bridge. From White's Bridge they were again poled the length of Sebago Basin to another lock, and then entered the canal where they were taken in tow by horses and led along the way to Portland.

The first boat to make the historic initial trip through the canal bore the illustrious name of *George Washington*, and was painted in glowing national colors, with carvings of George and Martha at the stern. Its chief attraction was a well stocked bar, and it catered to special charter parties. They advertised an "Exhilarating cruise in the country without danger of squalls and seasickness." On June fifth, 1830, the Portland Light Infantry celebrated their twenty-seventh anniversary by sailing on the *George Washington* to Stroudwater Bridge, — "Where they landed and shortly thereafter sat down to a sumptuous dinner served in Mr. Broad's (of Broad's Tavern) best style". Nathaniel Hawthorne, as did Longfellow the poet, journeyed to Sebago Lake in this manner. But the *George Washington* was not a financial success, due to the fact that liquor was sold at a dozen places along the route, while the boat could be in but one place at a time. Thus the patronage of the thirsty did not come up to expectations. Neither did passenger traffic show its appreciation. Natives wishing to go to Portland took the first boat that came along, or arranged to go with some skipper who might be a personal friend. So the elaborate *George Washington* soon joined the procession of prosaic freighters.

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

On the day after the opening of the canal the first two "freighters" arrived at the outlet in Fore River, — one was the *Columbus* piloted by Captain Thayer, with twenty thousand feet of timber, and the other was Captain Thurston's *Berrien* loaded with wood.

It took an average of three days for a canal boat to negotiate the entire distance of about fifty miles, providing the winds were favorable, and there were no undue interruptions, such as "cave-ins" along the route of the canal, or too frequent alcoholic festivities. The quickest trip ever made was by Captain Goodridge, from the old drawbridge at Naples to Portland in one day. He had a load of apples from the Perley farm in Naples safely on board the Schooner *Fanny Perley* in Portland harbor by nightfall. "That was some going for a canal boat", exclaimed the captain, "and probably never was beat. We had the wind with us, though, that day." These open craft made frequent trips along the coast eastward, and occasionally carried a cargo to Boston. Captain Luther Fitch, who ran a store and saw mill at East Sebago, owned a canal boat which he loaded with planks, joists, and boards, and made three successful journeys to Boston to supply his niece at Groton, Massachusetts, with all the lumber material necessary to build a house for herself. The house is said to be still standing.

But everything was not always lovely and pleasant for passengers or boatmen on this beautiful and picturesque journey, for ugly storms sometimes occurred, and Sebago Lake is not a comfortable body of water on which to encounter a "howling gale" in so frail a craft as one of the old canal boats. An early passenger relates his experience during a bad blow:—

"I can never forget that sensational experience of riding out one of the most formidable gales ever encountered by any craft upon that inland sea. I was not frightened, for I had unbounded confidence in my companions (Hanson Fields, Eli Plummer, and Charles Cates) yet there was no knowing what might happen at any moment. I looked about for a

THE CUMBERLAND AND OXFORD CANAL

piece of board or plank, or any available thing which might serve me as a life preserver, but in vain, so I philosophically resolved to keep a stiff upper lip, and abide the chances. The waves ran high, and our boat tipped sideways to an alarming degree, as ever and anon a big wave dashed over the deck, leaving more or less water in the hold.

I was interested in watching sturdy Uncle Eli manage our little ship. I can see him this moment as plainly as then, as he stood at the helm, his black locks streaming behind his ears, his dark keen eyes for the moment diverted from the straight look ahead. Now he brought the boat more to the wind as the gale slightly strengthened, and now he turned her instinctively a trifle away. He was master of his profession if not of the elements, and under his skilled guidance we rode out the gale in safety. What was unusual in those days with men of his calling, Uncle Eli was an abstainer from strong drink, and hence his naturally level head was never unsettled by potations.

And now was the twilight hour, and the faint light of the new moon aided in making the scene one of real grandeur and sublimity, as we approached the dark outline of the north shore. At nine o'clock we ran into the mouth of the Songo. Now the scene changed as if by magic. No longer the sound of the wind and waves, but in their stead a deathlike stillness. The darkness of the forest on either side of the river was intense, but the stream itself was visible by reason of the reflection of the sky upon its meandering surface.

The solemn stillness was unbroken, save by the steady tramp tramp of the boatmen as they walked the length of the gunwhale, pushing the craft along with the heavy long poles, and tramping back again and again to the bow, while the northern lights which shone with unusual brilliancy danced and shot like phantoms, giving additional weirdness to the scene. I sat on the deck until almost ten o'clock, then sought the cozy cabin and turned in. I must have slept soundly, for when I awoke the sun was shining brightly. I

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

rose and went on deck, and to my great surprise our boat was just heading for the nearby wharf at Plummer's Landing. A few minutes later we were moored to the wharf. My first and last canal boat voyage was ended."

In the period of early Sebago Lake transportation before the advent of steam, huge rafts of lumber valued at thousands of dollars were "worked" across the lake from the mouth of the Songo River to the saw mills on the Presumpscot River. In the decade from 1835, to 1845, the amount of white pine timber that came by way of the lake was enormous. At times the whole surface of the river was completely bridged with logs for miles, and all this lumber had to be sluiced over the dams. This rough dangerous work was done by a crew of "rivermen" garbed in red flannel shirts, tarpaulin hats, and heavy-caulked shoes, and they made things pretty lively in the then placid neighborhood of Sebago Lake Land, with their roistering and ballad-singing:

"Instead of the woods on a 'rafter' I went,
I thought it much better to my poor heart's content,
All day with a pole in my hand I would poke
Till I wished that the Devil had all the live oak."

Nathaniel Hawthorne, the novelist, witnessed this interesting spectacle, as a lad in his teens, while residing at South Casco, and notes it in his diary:—

"The lumbermen from Saccarappa (Westbrook) are getting their logs across the Great Pond (Sebago). Yesterday a strong northwest wind blew a great raft of many thousands over almost to the mouth of Dingley Brook. Their anchor dragged for more than a mile, but when the boom was within twenty or thirty rods of the shore, it brought up and held, as I heard some men say, who are familiar with such business. All the men and boys went from the mill down to the pond to see the great raft, and I among them. After we got down to the shore, several of the men came out

THE CUMBERLAND AND OXFORD CANAL

on the boom nearest to us, and striking a single log, pushed it under and outside. Then one man, with a gallon jug slung to his back, taking a pickpole, pushed himself ashore on the small single log, — a feat that seemed almost miraculous to me.”

The rafting was done by means of a device called “headworks” and these cumbersome affairs propelled in such a manner made the trip across the lake in an average of two days, the wind favoring. The “headworks” consisted of a platform, which was a raft in itself, about twenty feet long and fifty feet wide. Upon this was set up a windlass or capstan, around which the crew walked in a circle, taking up line which was attached to an anchor, and as the raft of logs hitched behind the platform progressed, the anchor was carried ahead by a small boat called the “anchor boat” and dropped. This method could almost be likened to a man lifting himself by his bootstraps. Progress at the rate of about one-half mile an hour was made if the winds favored.

During the passage of the raft from the mouth of the Songo River across the lake to the Presumpscot River mouth, many points were passed which bore far different names in those days than they do at present, and although some of the names are now obsolete, summer people might be interested to know the original names of some of the landmarks of the lake. A raft leaving Songo River first reached Cub Point near Songo Beach, then Bear Point, upon which the raft would swing around New Place or Maple Cove to Green Island, then to Twin Islands, Millstone and Hubble Islands. Next the crew would “work” the raft for Straight Shore, a strip three-quarters of a mile long; they then would come down Broad Cove, pass Caleb’s Point and the Images, then Caleb’s Cove, passing through the Notch to “Pitch of the Cape”, from thence to White’s Point on the Standish shore. Coming to White’s Bridge, the logs were run under the bridge into the “Basin”, and then through a dam into the sluiceway to the mill, a mile or so away. The canal also opened into the lake

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

at this point, and ran parallel to the Presumpscot River past the Wescott Mill at Middle Jam. Passing from the inlet of the river one encountered Wescott's Falls in those days, and on following the river down to the sea, flanked as it was by the old Cumberland and Oxford Canal, one would next meet up with Quickstep Falls, then Steep Falls, and in succession Harding's Falls, Great Falls, Whitney's Falls, Dundee Falls, Gambo Falls, South Windham Falls, Horse Beef Falls, Saccarappa Falls, Congin Falls (Cumberland Mills), and Smelt Hill Falls at the entrance of the river into salt water.

The timber was bought in thousand foot lots, surveyed and "driven" in the Spring. In those days the best pine was often sold for two dollars per thousand feet, and three dollars was considered an exorbitant price.

The first actual attempt to operate a steam-propelled freighter on the lakes, was made by Captain Christopher Sampson, who installed a crudely constructed engine in his canal boat, which he named the "Monkeydena". Though the Captain was not entirely successful in his experiment, he might be regarded as having pioneered the steamboat business.

The freighter crews were a tough hardy lot, often given to roistering carousels, and mishaps were frequent. In consequence some of the craft were named "Alcoholic Ships". 'Tis said that the present Bay of Naples was once called Brandy Pond, (and still is) due to the fact that a hogshead of precious brandy slipped overboard, and still reposes there to this day.

An amusing story is told by an old-time boatman of a Fourth of July celebration on a freighter:

"Our boat lay becalmed on Long Pond on the Fourth of July. The crew had been very anxious to reach Bridgton Center Landing early in the day, but the elements were perverse, and gradually all hopes were abandoned of reaching port in season to see the show that they were desirous of attending. So the crew turned their minds to other matters.

THE CUMBERLAND AND OXFORD CANAL

They informed the captain that they must have 'Something to take for the sake of the day', but were informed that he 'hadn't a drop on the boat'. One of the crew replied that they were going to have something for a treat, and told the captain that if he would watch sharp he would find out how they would obtain it. The captain was horrified to see the man, who was a cooper, approach a hogshead of rum that was being carried to Merchant Andrews, put it in position, start up the bar across the head, and bore a small gimlet hole through the head. Of course this made a place for the liquor to run through, and the man quietly proceeded to draw out some two quarts of the liquid. He then stopped the hole with a small plug which he had all ready, drove the bar back into position, and as he had done a very neat job, no mark was left. Sweetening was next called for, but none was to be had, and recourse was again had to the freight.

The man next attacked a hogshead of molasses belonging to the same man, knocked out the bung, and proceeded to dip out what molasses he needed, using a large spoon for the purpose. He then replaced the bung very neatly, and that job was hidden. Of course the captain had protested vehemently against this work, but all protests were in vain. The next thing was to mix the 'toddy', the ingredients being ready at hand. The captain was very politely asked if he wouldn't 'have something to take', and it is said that he did not refuse the invitation."

From the opening of the "Big Ditch" in 1830, until 1850, when railroad competition began to cut into the trade, freighting on the canal did a thriving business. Sweating teamsters no longer had to goad their plodding oxen up the steep grade of Windham Hill on the long haul from the mountains to Portland. Instead they went "boating on the C. and O. Canal."

To the late Lewis P. Crockett of Portland, goes the distinction of being the last man to navigate a canal boat in the Cumberland and Oxford Canal, and it was in the *Arthur*

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

Willis that the trip was made to the store and mill of Goff and Plummer at Middle Jam, about one mile from the entrance to the canal. After the closing of the canal Crockett confined his activities to carrying freight about the lake, and also boating apples to the lower extremities of Sebago. These shipments were usually sent by Sam and "Putt" Perley, and were carried to the railroad that had displaced the once busy canal.

However in the year before the canal closed, Mr. Crockett and his father made many trips to Portland, and one time carried the school wood supply to the islands in Casco Bay. On the return trips from this occupation they carried over one hundred tons of coal to the lake district, and that week they netted over seventy dollars clear, which was considered a "big" week in those days.

An amusing story is told by Mr. Crockett about two surveyors of the City of Portland, George Libby and Ben Tibbetts by name, whose duty it was to estimate the amount of wood the boats were carrying as they came from the canal to Libby's Cove for discharge of their cargoes. The boatmen swore that Ben Tibbetts always underestimated the amount of lumber in their loads, and the more they carried to him the more they were convinced they were right. Accordingly one practical joker loosely piled a few cords of wood in his boat and placed bark over the gaps so that it resembled a sizable boatload. "H'm", said Libby, when he saw the boat swing up to the wharf. "Mighty big load you've got there, boys." However as he clambered aboard, the better to appraise the load, he broke through the bark, much to his discomfort, and the boatmen's unconcealed mirth. He did recover his composure sufficiently to say, "Nothing but a mere brush pile, boys, nothing but a mere brush pile."

With the completion of the railroad route to Sebago Lake the glories of the old canal began to fade. To quote an old rhymster: — "Railroading is all the go, canal boats travel mighty slow". The railroads furnished cheaper and more

THE CUMBERLAND AND OXFORD CANAL

rapid transportation. By 1872, the last boat had passed through the thoroughfare which assisted so materially in opening Bridgton, Windham, Gorham, and Portland trade. Bad management and poor methods of accounting hastened the end. In fact, the whole enterprise of building and operating the canal was a series of mishaps and misfortunes from beginning to end. While the original cost of building "The Big Ditch" was estimated as only \$137,000, the actual amount spent before operation was \$206,000. Not a dollar in dividends was paid on the investment, and the whole shoreline and vicinity of Sebago Lake was stripped of its valuable pine and hardwood which sold for just enough to cover the cost of cutting. The farmers too, had the extra expense of maintaining fences along the route of the canal. Ultimately the whole property, heavily mortgaged, was sold for \$40,000.

The channel where once floated the queerest navy this State has ever witnessed, is all but dried up and in most places is overgrown with trees and brush. Of the twenty-eight locks only one remains in good condition, the Songo Lock, which is still operating today. Fortunately, however, there remains for the interested spectator an excellent reminder of other times in the two or three mile stretch of the canal in its almost pristine stage, which can be observed at the iron bridge on Route 35, from Sebago Lake Station to the North Windham highway.

And a visit to the fast crumbling remains of the Upper and Lower Kemp's Locks, and the picturesque covered bridge over the Presumpscot in Windham, — the last covered bridge of its kind in Cumberland County, and one of only two or three left in the entire State of Maine, — would delight any lover of olden days. Of the locks there can be seen some of the heavy masonry and the rotted timbers with their hand hewn pegs, and the twisted shafts which opened the "pads" in the locks. Ghosts of a hundred "boaters" accompany one down the old towpath nearby, and

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SEBAGO LAKE LAND

once more in imagination, he hears the faintly blaring echo of the horn, as Israel Kemp trots down to 'lock' a boat through. One more ghost frequents this lonely ruin; — that of the first boat to pass through the canal, the gaudy *George Washington*. Here in the mud below the lock her bones forever rest.

One or two relics of this romantic period can be seen in the derelict remains of partly exposed hulls of the old canal freighters. On the west shore of Long Lake, directly in the rear of the cemetery in Naples, lie the few rotting timbers of the once proud sixty-ton freighter, the *Ethel*, the last of the fleet that carried lumber down Sebago Lake and along the canal to Stroudwater and the sea. First rigged as a schooner, she was later steam driven, and made her final trip in 1904. The fast disappearing hulk of the old *Columbia* lies at the mouth of Muddy River in South Naples. Captained by Walter Crockett of South Casco, she is said to have been the last of the canal boats to carry freight in Sebago Lake, having been in operation up to a few years ago.

Today comparative quiet reigns over a scene that was once disturbed by the raucous noise of a bustling enterprise. The romantic mellow notes of the boatman's horn have been replaced by the lowly tinkling of cowbells.

Dame Nature has indeed reclaimed her own.

The Towns of Sebago Lake Land and Their Story



IN all the annals of New England history there is no chapter more adventurous and romantic, or remarkable, as a record of human achievement than the conquest of the Maine wilderness by the early pioneers.

Until the close of the seventeenth century the smiling countryside of Sebago Lake Land was a dense forest peopled only by savages, and the vast solitudes adjacent to Sebago Lake and its waterways had been trodden by few if any white men. Thus the first settlers were compelled to force their way through deep woodlands, penetrating an unknown country inhabited by Indians and wild animals, and to carry with them their families and all their earthly possessions to establish homes in the new land.

It was common practice in those days for the early colonists to draw their goods to their destination on handsleds, as the paths were too rough and narrow for loaded teams. And to enable them to survive after they arrived, corn had to be hoed on new soil without plowing, as green corn with milk and game in summer, and rye and Indian corn and pork in winter, formed their chief diet aside from the weekly baked beans.

Nor were the women less hardy than the men. They helped to plant and garner the crops, clothed and reared the children and were as skilled in the use of an axe or gun as were their men. There was little personal comfort, as their

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

rudely constructed cabins did not offer much better shelter than the wigwams of the Indians. A frame house was a sign of wealth and prosperity.

WINDHAM AND STANDISH

To encourage the settlement of Maine, it was the custom of the General Court of Massachusetts to offer choice lots of one hundred acres to any resident of that state who would move to Maine with his family, build a house, and clear four acres within a certain period of time. The present town of Windham, formerly called New Marblehead as it was first settled by men from Marblehead, was incorporated in 1762 under the name of Windham (derived from the English Windham in the County of Norfolk).

It was by no mere chance that the beautiful country of Windham was the first white settlement of any kind to be made in Sebago Lake Land. Most of the coastline in this part of the District of Maine had already been allotted to earlier townships, and the next grants must extend inland. Next to the ocean in importance for highways were the rivers, and the Presumpscot River which flows through a great part of Windham to Sebago Lake, was a part of the old Sebago Trail that the Indians had traveled for centuries. It was practically the only thoroughfare available to the early colonists, and Windham's first settler, Thomas Chute, poled his way up the river, felled the first tree, and built the first house in the new territory. The site of this habitation is still pointed out to the interested visitor.

He was the vanguard of a small group of enterprising citizens of Marblehead, Massachusetts, who petitioned the Massachusetts government for grants of land in the District of Maine, because their own town was "ancient and much straightened in its accommodation, and they wanted more space, light, and air." As in all New England villages of that day, the first buildings to be erected were a tavern and

WINDHAM AND STANDISH

a house of worship, but the inhabitants were compelled to demolish the latter shortly afterward and use the timber to hastily build a fort to shelter the people from Indian raids.

The town of Windham is literally in the heart of a lake section boasting twenty-five miles of lake shore frontage, on eight different bodies of water,—namely Highland Lake, Little Duck Pond, Collins Pond, Pettingill Pond, Chapin Pond, Sebago Lake Basin, Big Sebago Lake and Little Sebago Lake. Little Sebago is unique in that it has a different outlet than the original one, which gives it a water level several feet lower than nature intended. Thus curiously enough, many of the summer cottages of today are resting on what was once the submerged bed of the lake. It happened in this way. Back in 1781 a Major Anderson erected a large saw-mill on Pleasant River near Windham Hill. Finding his water supply inadequate, he cut a ditch across a ridge separating the lake from the valley. In May 1861, a great freshet, known afterward as Pope's Freshet, occurred following a heavy rainstorm, which caused the dam to give way, and the rushing waters practically washed out of existence, the village of Popeville, where the mill stood, including almost all the bridges on the Presumpscot River.

The sprawling territory contained in Windham embraces six attractive villages or hamlets, — North Windham, Foster's Corner, Windham Hill, Windham Center, Newhall, and South Windham, — all truly typical of Maine's pictorial scene. It is a farm country and agriculture is now its principal industry. Many of the early settlers were farmers and spent most of their time clearing the land and cultivating the soil. It is interesting to note that among its first citizens the names Manchester, Mayberry, Anderson, and Knight are still listed in the town books as owners of large tracts of farm lands.

As we glance at this peaceful almost somnolent countryside today, it is difficult indeed to visualize that Windham was once the scene of many flourishing industries. The water

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

power of the several waterfalls on the Presumpscot River was early used, and a number of grist and saw mills lined its banks. An interesting pamphlet published in 1840, lists the following industrial and business activities which existed at that date: — five saw mills, two shingle mills, two carding machines, one clothier's mill, one factory for manufacturing woolen cloth, one mill for making chairs, one manufacturing kegs, three grist mills, ten blacksmith's shops, seven groceries, five taverns, and two tanneries. Little is left today of what was once a "busy hive" of manufacturing.

As far back as 1818, gunpowder was being made at the little village of Newhall, which for more than a century rejoiced in the queer name of "Gambo". A great deal of speculation has arisen as to the origin of its odd nomenclature. Many believed it to be of Indian origin, but tradition quotes the following. In the early days a sea captain from Gorham visited the place and in the course of time made his home at the falls there. He brought with him a Negro from the West Indies, named Gambo, who was an excellent musician. The notes of his violin, so the story goes, became a source of attraction to the young people of the vicinity, — thus it soon became a common saying, "Let's go to Gambo's." This old powder mill supplied the Russian government with immense quantities of gunpowder during the Crimean War.

The early community of Windham grew to consist of two more or less separate groups,—the older population, descendants of the first generation, and the mill people located in the manufacturing centers of Great Falls, Gambo, Little Falls, and Mallison's. Apart from these mill settlements were the villages of North Windham and Windham Hill. Through these two communities was the old highway on which passed tremendous traffic from the Coos region in New Hampshire and the intervening towns on its way to and from the Port of Portland. But with the construction of the old Cumberland and Oxford Canal along the western border of Windham, this heavy traffic was diverted.

WINDHAM AND STANDISH

At that time the "Hill" was the principal village in the town. Congregated there were the orthodox church, the post-office, the doctors and the ministers, and the famous tavern kept by "mine host" Jason Webb. Windham Hill, now, in the main, an attractive residential section, still possesses an old brick structure that was once used as a station on the "underground railroad" through which slaves made their escape to Canada during the Civil War.

There is much historical lore and many points of interest in Windham. Near the railroad depot in South Windham is the quaint story and a half structure which was the birth-place of John Albion Andrews, later known as the "War Governor" of Massachusetts, born in 1818. And in the old Smith Cemetery nearby is the John Anderson tomb (1807). Its door resembles that of a bank vault and is fastened by a lock, the combination of which is known to few, if any, now living. At the corner of Main and Depot Streets in South Windham, there stood in the old days "Cilley's Tavern" where the weekly Bridgton, Harrison, Waterford mail-stage, on its regular trips, stopped and changed horses.

Situated in the southern part of town there is a so-called miniature mountain with the curious name of Canada Hill,—a knoll between two and three hundred feet high, and nearly a mile long, from which an imposing view of the countryside can be seen. It is said to have its name from the following circumstances. An early settler named Mayberry, locally known as "Cash Bill", cleared the land and built a farm on the hillside. With the barn "raising" came the customary drinking festivities. While the revelry was at its height, a man more or less under the influence, climbed the highest treetop nearby. When asked how far he could see he replied with drunken gravity, "All over the world and a part of Canada". Thereupon a bottle of rum was smashed against the tree, and the hill promptly named "Canada Hill". The immense amount of granite in the neighborhood attracted

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

the attention of the Rev. George Whitefield, the famous Calvinist preacher, who visited the spot in 1745, and caused him to remark, "Pray where do they bury their dead?"

At Mallison's Falls, more commonly known as Horsebeef Falls, on the Presumpscot River at South Windham, is the site of the first saw mill in the town, completed in 1740. These falls received their name from an incident that is said to have occurred while the mill and dam were under construction.

Among the food supplied to the workers was a barrel of beef which the men thought to be of fine quality, until the day the cook produced a pair of horse's hooves from the bottom of the barrel. After the discovery, the hooves were put back, the barrel headed up and rolled over the falls, which were then and there named "Horsebeef".

This name they bore universally until 1866, when they were called "Mallison's Falls", after the new mill owners. But the old name still persists to this day.

One of the oldest and most interesting of the early houses is the one known as the "Parson Smith House", built in 1764 by the Rev. Peter T. Smith, a son of Parson Smith, the first minister of Falmouth (Portland). It is a two and a half story building in excellent state of preservation, and has two large chimneys providing a fireplace in every room, the one in the kitchen being ten feet wide. The frame of the house and all the supporting timbers are of hand-hewn oak, the paneling, wainscots and floors of hand-worked pumpkin pine, all held in place by oak pegs and handmade nails. This house has always been occupied by the same family, and its present owners are of the fifth generation. It is situated on or near the site of old Province Fort, built so hastily that the first church was partly torn down to supply material for it. The settlers of the town lived within this stockade almost constantly between 1744 and 1751, a period in which Indian raids were frequent.

The troubled and perilous condition of a frontier settle-

ment during an Indian war, can hardly be imagined. The savages would suddenly emerge from their hidden haunts in the forest, and do their work of destruction and death, perhaps at the midnight hour, while the defenseless inhabitants were unconsciously sleeping. All that would be heard or seen would be the savage yell, the gleam of the tomahawk or scalping knife, the flare of the blazing torch, or the tall naked bodies of the foe, mighty in the ghastly slaughter. Then all would be silent, — the enemy having disappeared as mysteriously as he came.

Thus whole families of the early inhabitants of the settlement of New Marblehead, now Windham, were frequently shut up for months together, in a state of wretched anxiety, unable to cultivate their farms, or go about their daily affairs. They were even obliged to be armed when they went to their little meeting-house.

Windham's first trouble with the Indians occurred in April 1747, when the savages took as prisoners two youths, William and Joseph Knight while they were looking after their father's cows near Inkhorn Brook. They were well treated by the Indians, who took a great fancy to Joe. He adopted the Indian mode of life, painted his face, wore their costumes, and joined in their war dances. They would often pat him on the shoulder and call him "Good old Joe", and they promised to make him their chief. They even selected a young squaw to be his bride. As the years went by, his family hearing nothing of him, supposed him dead. On August 3, 1751, peace was temporarily declared and the captives in Canada were returned to their homes. Among them was Joe, whose return created great rejoicing in New Marblehead, but history is silent however, in regard to his squaw wife.

Five years later Joe was captured again while lumbering at his father's mill at Little Falls in South Windham. Surprised by the Indians, he fled, but was shot in the arm. Two

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

Indians at once approached and made him their prisoner, one of them saying, "Me got you now, Joe."

Weak from loss of blood, Joe was compelled to keep up with his captors in the hurried journey to their settlement. At nightfall they halted and proceeded to dig a hole in the ground, in the shape of a grave. The prisoner supposed that he was to be murdered and buried where his body could never be found. They bound his wounded arm to his side, and laid him at full length in the excavation, and carefully packed the earth over him except for his head. Joe, much to his astonishment, found on awakening that the blood had ceased to flow and that the pain had greatly subsided. The Indians' crude method of surgery had worked wonders.

Joe, escaping from his captors, ultimately returned home in safety. As fate would have it, after successfully surviving so many hair-raising experiences, he met his end by drowning in the Presumpscot River.

Another curious story of Indian warfare in Windham is told in the adventures of William Bolton and William Maxfield, while logging near the fort on August 27, 1747. Suddenly Chief Polin and his tribe from Sebago Lake appeared, and both men discharged their guns at the enemy but missed. Maxfield was seriously wounded but escaped to the fort. Bolton was captured, taken to Canada, and sold to a French naval officer, who carried him on board the ship as a servant.

Shortly after putting to sea, she was captured by an English man-of-war. Bolton became the servant of Lieutenant Wallace of the English warship, and thereby hangs a tale.

One day he was ordered to make a cup of tea for the Lieutenant's breakfast. The officer handed him a large package of the fragrant herb, which Bolton put into a tea-kettle of cold water and set over the galley fire to steep. Shortly the water began to boil, the tea leaves swelled, the

steaming mass blew off the kettle cover, and the fragrant liquid flew in all directions.

The Lieutenant, suspecting that a joke was being played on him, ordered Bolton lashed to the mast and severely flogged. The Captain, thinking it might be the result of ignorance, asked the frightened youth if he had ever seen any tea before. Bolton replied that he never had, but supposed it should be made as his mother made herb tea. He was forgiven on the spot. Shortly after this Bolton's situation became known to the master of a coasting vessel from Portland, who applied to Governor Shirley for his release. This was promptly granted, and Bolton returned to Windham to the great joy of his parents.

Many years thereafter he had become a prosperous farmer, and while driving in Portland one day, saw a gang of youths and boys hectoring an old man. Leaping from his team, he rushed into the crowd, lashing his long whip, dispelling the tormenters. As he came face to face with the old man, imagine his astonishment, when he recognized him as the once proud Lieutenant Wallace, who would have had him flogged. Now he was homeless, friendless, and clad in rags. Bolton brought him to Windham, carefully cared for him until his death, and gave him a Christian burial in his own lot in the Smith Cemetery at South Windham.

An interesting relic of these troubled times is now in the possession of the Maine Historical Society in Portland. This is an old and battered powder-horn, worn by Ezra Brown, a citizen of Windham when he was killed in an Indian foray on May 14, 1756. On the morning of that day, Ezra Brown, accompanied by Ephraim Winship started out to work on a farm about a mile from the fort. A guard had been detailed to accompany them, which was a necessity at that time, consisting of Abraham Anderson, Stephen Manchester, Joseph Sterling, and John Farrow, with four boys. Brown and Winship were less cautious than usual, and started about sixty rods ahead of the guard. In the dense woods they were

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

soon out of sight, and had gone but a short distance when a party of Indians, lying in wait, fired a volley killing Brown and wounding Winship severely, so that he fell as if dead. The Indians then scalped their victims. Anderson and Manchester with two of the boys, hearing the guns, came up, while the others hastened back to the fort for assistance. Anderson, in a voice of command shouted, "Follow on, my lads", and followed by Manchester and two of the boys, rushed forward, and the Indians fled into the woods, concealing themselves.

Polin, chief of the Indians, fired at the party without effect, and in his haste to reload he exposed his body, when Stephen Manchester took deliberate aim, fired, and killed him. Thereupon the Indians set up a great yelling, and rushed about his body. The rest of the guard emptied their muskets into their midst, and, it is said, killed or mortally wounded two more Indians. The enemy gathered up their fallen comrades, and fled for their lives, leaving behind "five packs, a bow and a bunch of arrows, and several other things".

This little band of brave men did not know they had killed Polin then, but reloaded their guns, and waited developments. They were soon reinforced from the fort, when they were enabled to care for their fallen comrades. This was a sad forenoon at the garrison. Within two hours from the time they had left the fort, Ezra Brown was brought back to his wife and children dead and scalped, and Winship's children saw him brought in so shockingly mutilated that his life was despaired of. He was shot through the arm and in one eye, and had two strips cut from his scalp, but he recovered, and it is said that he presented a singular appearance in after years.

The scene of the fight was on the farm of the late John F. Anderson at South Windham, and the tradition of the burying of Chief Polin under a tree on the Songo shore was the

WINDHAM AND STANDISH

foundation of Whittier's poem, "The Funeral Tree of the Sokokis":

"And there the fallen chief is laid,
In tasselled garbs of skins arrayed,
And girded with his wampum-braid.

The silver cross he loved is pressed
Beneath the heavy arms, which rest
Upon his scarred and naked breast.

'Tis done the roots are backward sent,
The beechen-tree stands up unbent,—
The Indians' fitting monument!"

The death of Chief Polin put an end to all further trouble from the red men in Windham as well as nearby settlements. The scattered remains of the Sokokis tribe of Indians left the shores of Sebago Lake, and joined the St. Francis tribe in Canada thus ending six years of bloody warfare.



From the quiet, unassuming aspect of the pretty village of Standish today, one would hardly associate it with the lively and thriving community it once was, not so very many years ago. At one period in its career it could boast of three tanneries, six stores, and a saw-mill. In addition it possessed no less than three taverns, all cheek to cheek, with "mine host" doing a flourishing business dispensing good fare and drink to the many guests and transient travelers. But this was in the bustling era of stage coach travel, when Standish Corner was an important by-way station for freight and passenger traffic on the old Bridgton, Sebago, and Portland stage and mail route, during the early days of the nineteenth century.

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

This old and historic highway dates back to 1767, when the first road was opened "sufficient for passage on horse-back from Long Pond to Pearsonstown Fort at Standish Corner." This route opened up the country to the northwest of Standish, which furnished a busy trade for the village.

Standish was first known as Pearsonstown, named after Captain Moses Pearson, one of its first proprietors, who with forty-five others, petitioned the General Court of Massachusetts for a grant of land "six miles in the northwest side of a line from Sebago Pond to the head of Berwick against Gorhamtown". This was granted in 1745. In 1785 however, the name was changed to Standish in honor of Myles Standish, the pilgrim, although it is not recorded that he ever visited the place.

The fort or stockade, sixty feet wide, was constructed of heavy hewn timbers, and stood at the present crossroads at the Corner, where a memorial now marks the spot.

The first few years of the tiny settlement abounded with hardships and danger, and when threatened by the Indians, the little colony took refuge in the fort. On one occasion when food supplies were short and the colonists were driven almost to starvation, two of the bravest ventured forth into the deep woods and shot a moose. After having cut off a quarter, they hastened into the fort and then returned with help, only to find that the Indians had made off with the rest of the carcass. This fort was eventually torn down to make room for the first meeting house, which was built in 1769. Its first minister was John R. Thompson, whose yearly stipend was payable "one-third each, — cash, East India Goods, and produce."

This church came to a violent end under most unusual circumstances, thirty-six years later. One night it was torn down by a mob of "over-excited" militia, for what reason was never known. Aroused by the crash of tearing shingles and clapboards, Squire Thompson, the local magistrate, went among the crowd, taking his perforated tin lantern in

one hand, and in the other he held the riot act which he proceeded to read. The rioters however, threw shingles and put out his light, and raised such a tumult about his ears, that he is said to have beaten a hasty retreat. The few ruins of the old edifice were used in the later construction of a school-house.

Ebenezar Shaw, the original settler, came from Hampton, New Hampshire, in response to an offer of two hundred acres of land if he would move there and erect a saw-mill. He is said to have built it in the fast time of nine days. This was in 1763. The next year Joseph Shaw built a house which was also used as a tavern. A Josiah Shaw kept a tavern during the Revolution. Standish really became a Shaw neighborhood when in 1782 a Thomas Shaw built a windmill to grind corn. This was the first corn mill in town, and when the wind was favorable, it would grind fifty bushels of corn a day. Six years later the mill was turned into an "ashery", — the ashes being collected by sailboats from different places around Sebago Lake, and sold for six-pence a bushel.

Until a few years ago, there was still standing a quaint one-story cottage on the road leading out of Standish to Sebago Lake Station. Built in 1775, it was the home of the mournful ballad-singer of Standish, Thomas Shaw, who published and hawked his own doleful, crudely printed poetic ballads. He peddled his poetic works as far distant as Augusta, but his fame was unlimited, for the sailors of Portland Harbor during the early 1800's carried his songs from ocean to ocean, and to lands unknown. His ballad sheets featured a variety of weird subjects such as the grisly hanging of Daniel Drew, the ballad of a couple frozen to death at Raymond Cape, and many shipwrecks. Each sheet was usually decorated with a border of black coffins, — a grim reminder perhaps, lest we forget, that in the midst of life no matter how merry it might be, we are still in the shadow of death.

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

An interesting example of the simplicity of early church architecture in Maine is the present so-called "Old Church", built in 1806. It has a square-towered belfry, the then fashionable box-pew seats, and the exterior, strangely enough, is painted a brick red.

There is a cluster of old-time square-shaped wooden houses, typical of the period in which they were built, but none are so conspicuous or so well-kept as the old Parson Marrett Homestead, with its picturesque white picket fence and its fine old trees. It is a large, roomy, two and a half story, white structure with an ample barn and out-buildings, built in 1789, and it served as the home of the Rev. Daniel Marrett on his appointment to the parish. He is celebrated as having owned the first horse-cart, and he was the first to introduce the cooking stove in place of the crane and spit and the old-fashioned tin kitchen.

The house has a somewhat remarkable historic connection. It was in the War of 1812, when it was believed that Portland might be taken by the British, that the money from the banks of that city, — mostly in gold bullion and coins—, was secretly transported by six yoke of oxen to the Marrett house, and hidden there until the scare was over. So great was its weight that the foundation of the house had to be strengthened, and on the doors were put special locks which still remain. The two elm trees standing nearby were planted when news was received of the Battle of Lexington, and even now are known as the Lexington Elms. This house, finely appointed inside, with period furniture, is shortly to be opened to the public.

However, the "Corner" has changed very materially since the years when the Portland and Ogdenburg Railroad, — now the Maine Central, — touched the lake and built a depot at Sebago Lake Station in the 1870's. It very definitely occasioned a switch in traffic from highways to railways. Consequently the "Corner" dwindled in impor-

WINDHAM AND STANDISH

tance, as the busy stir of events passed it by, and Sebago Lake Village grew accordingly.

Now the Standish countryside is devoted to the pursuit of orcharding and farming, which gives an added touch to the charm and peacefulness of the neighborhood, so welcome and refreshing to the tired summer visitor from afar.

Raymond & Casco



THE pleasant elm shaded villages of present-day Raymond and Casco were founded under unusual and rather romantic circumstances, in that their actual settlement was the direct result of a race between two pioneers in their eagerness to take advantage of free lots in that territory.

The area of land that now embraces Raymond, Casco and a part of Naples was granted by the Massachusetts Government in 1766, to Captain William Raymond and others for their services in the French and Indian wars of 1690, and was called the Plantation of Raymond Town. As was the custom in those days to encourage settlers to move there and develop the territory, the choice of free lots was offered to those who would move on the land and build a house and a mill.

In 1771, Captain Joseph Dingley, a blacksmith of Cape Elizabeth, and Dominicus Jordan, also of that town, started at the same time from the Cape to avail themselves of the offer. Arriving together at the old Indian "carrying place" at Standish Neck, they camped for the night. Dingley, a shrewd fellow, not wishing to be outwitted and hoping to steal a march on his fellow-traveler, rose early before dawn, took the canoe, and paddled across the lake to what is now South Casco, and selected his lot. Jordan awakening and finding Dingley gone with the canoe, cut a path along the shore of the lake to the outlet of Panther Pond in Jordan

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

Bay, in what is now the town of Raymond, and established himself there.

The settlements made by these men were about three miles apart. Dingley built the first mill in South Casco on the road to the Cape for which he received a free lot. He also kept a tavern there in 1778. His old home which he built in 1780, still stands upon the first land occupied by a white man in that territory. It was originally a two-story frame house, but later fire destroyed the upper part. While the original ground floor has been kept intact, it has since been extensively remodeled into the present story and a half structure.

Raymond was incorporated into a town in 1803. Neither Raymond nor South Casco suffered from the Indian wars, but a trapper by the name of John Davis, said to be the first actual white occupant of this section, often complained that the Indians stole his game.

Raymond Village is on the northeastern shore of Lake Sebago, and is separated from Jordan Bay by a quarter of a mile of level meadows. It has many interesting facts in its history. In its old cemetery, which is unique in many respects, lie heroes of the Revolutionary War, and it contains a remarkable example of a tombstone seldom if ever seen in a churchyard. It is a monument erected in 1867, to the memory of a young woman, with a daguerreotype likeness of the person whose body lies buried beneath it, fitted closely into a recess cut into the marble. And there is also a tablet erected by the town of Raymond,—a memorial to Betty Welch, the first woman born in the town. She was born at Jordan Bay in 1775. In some ways Betty was a remarkable woman.

In those days "berrying" was an important part of the life of the frontier woman, and rattlesnakes were not infrequently met with, and upon her berry trips "Aunt Betty" went prepared to meet them. She carried a sharp knife, and when a rattlesnake sounded its dread warning, she cut a forked stick, and deftly managed to place it on the neck of the

reptile, and, pinning it to the ground, she severed its head with her ready knife. It is said upon one occasion, having filled her pails with berries, and having captured a rattler and a woodchuck, Betty twisted and tied a withe around her waist, attached the woodchuck on one side and the rattler upon the other, and taking a pail of berries in either hand, she proceeded to her home more than a mile away. Arriving there, she dressed and cooked the "Chuck" for the family dinner. She fried the oil from the rattler using it as a remedy for her husband's rheumatism. The oil extracted from the "chuck" was used for lighting the home at night in an old-time invention called a "slut".

In the attractive village of Raymond neat well-kept residences line each side of the highway in the shade of ancient elm trees. It contains a few interesting old houses, such as the Morton Homestead, built in 1785, with its original six-panel doors, pumpkin pine flooring, and a wainscot made of a single board twenty-seven inches wide, and thirteen and one half feet long. Also nearby is the Hayden House, similar to the Morton Homestead in architectural style. It was built in 1786, and has its original hand made clapboards.

An interesting brick structure, too, is the century old Raymond Inn, known as the Witham Place, built by Samuel Witham, a bricklayer. It was famous as a tavern in the good old days, and its patrons came from miles around to dance to the popular fiddle of Royal Manchester.

The state has a fish hatchery here, located in Panther Run, which connects Panther Pond with Sebago Lake. Its various buildings contain rows of long tanks filled with water piped from the river. Salmon eggs are hatched in these vats, and the nearby pools harbor great numbers of fish,—as many as ninety thousand two-year-old landlocked salmon are released from the hatchery at one time.

Within the confines of the township of Raymond are a series of small lakes or ponds, which paradoxically enough bear names that, to quote a summer visitor, "are too sugges-

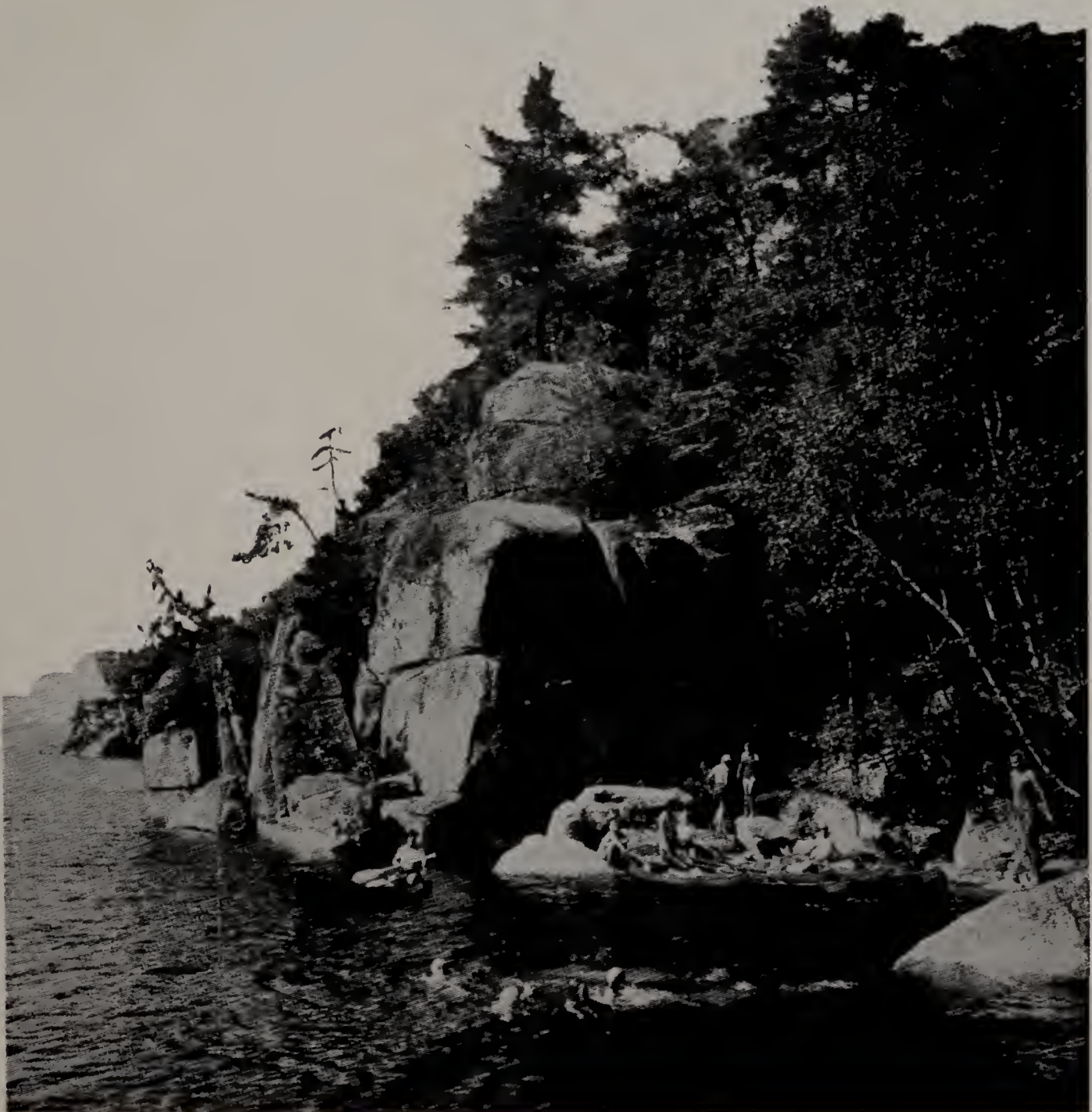
tive of the jungle". These are such names as "Great Rattlesnake", "Little Rattlesnake," "Panther Pond and Panther River", and in the distance is the giant form of Rattlesnake Mountain. A veritable "tempest in a teapot" occurred back in 1925, when the cottagers wanted to change the name of Great Rattlesnake Pond to Crescent Lake, (by which it is now generally known), as a name they considered more suitable in its description of that beautiful body of water. This met with some opposition however, as a Boston lady remonstrated that "the name Rattlesnake Pond appeals to those who are seeking adventure, and affords a lure that the new name would not have." The State Committee of Interior Waters voted no change, and officially the original name stays.

Although it has been many years since the last rattlesnake was killed in this section, Rattlesnake Mountain derives its name from this reptile. This long low mountain, about three miles in length, and the nearest mountain to Casco Bay, was entirely in Raymond until 1841, when the town of Casco claimed a piece of it. An old man of the mountain known as "Ben Smith", the snake man, who came from Dover, New Hampshire, settled in the wild land at Raymond Hills, five miles from Rattlesnake Mountain in 1787. He found the mountain inhabited by many rattlesnakes. Consequently, it is said, he gave the mountain its appropriate name. He marketed snake oil for rheumatism and neuralgic pains in Portland and the country round. To prove that his oil was genuine, Smith carried two or three live snakes in a box with a strap around it. When he called at a store or house, he took from the box a live snake and put it inside his open shirt next to his skin. He charged a small fee for this exhibition. A hundred years or so ago a great fire caused by careless lumbermen burnt over the mountain and destroyed the reptiles.

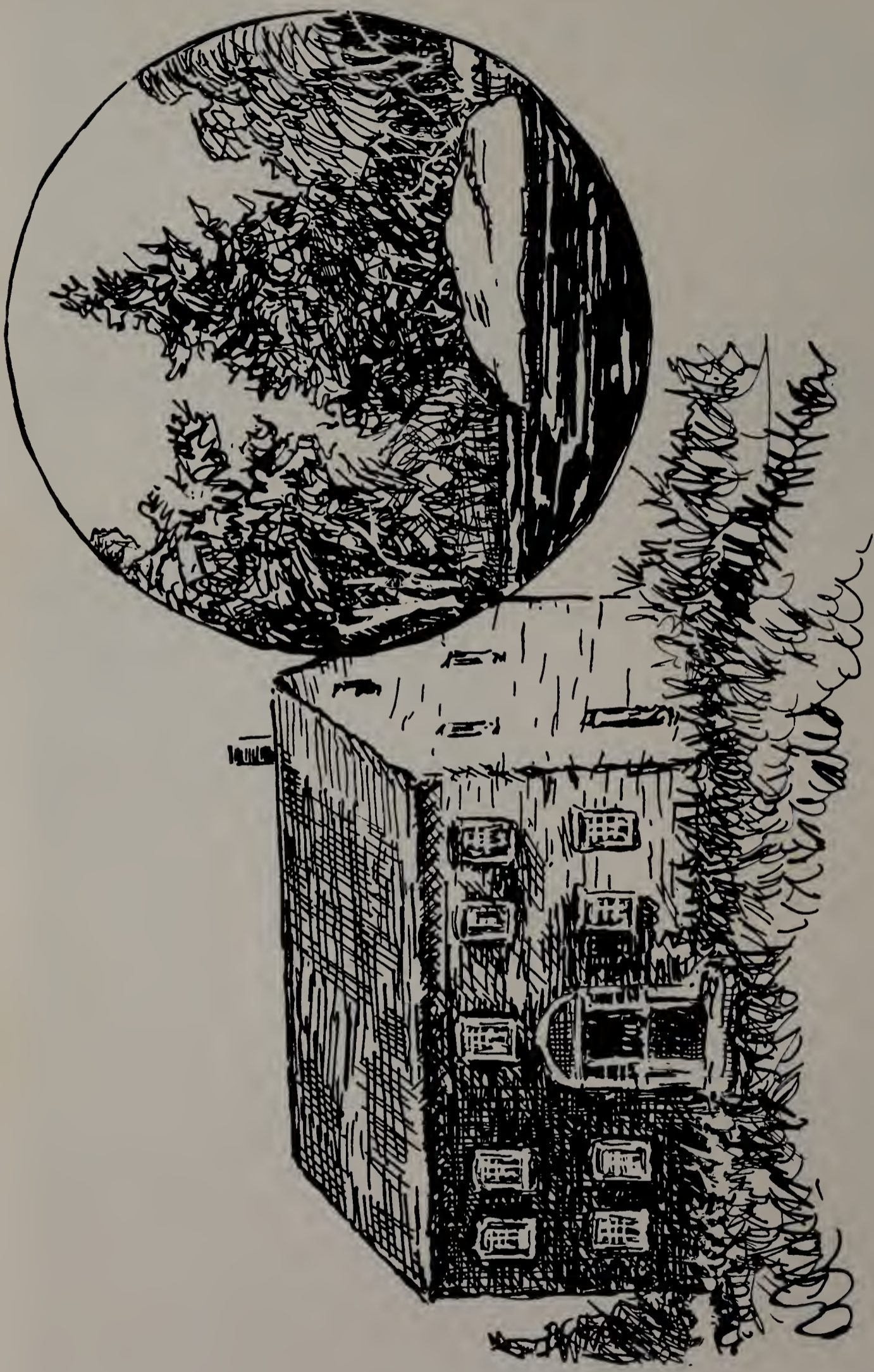
Panther Pond, or as the old settlers called it Painter's



MANNING MANSION, SOUTH CASCO, BUILT IN 1810 BY RICHARD MANNING, UNCLE OF NOVELIST. THIS HOUSE WAS ONCE KNOWN AS "MANNING'S FOLLY".



"THE IMAGES" FROM WHICH CAPTAIN FRYE MADE HIS PERILOUS LEAP. HAWTHORNE'S CAVE IS AT BASE OF CLIFF.



Weather-stained homestead of Nathaniel Hawthorne, in South Casco, where he spent his happy youth.

"Nat's Rock", young Hawthorne's favorite fishing place at head of Dingley Brook where it flows from Thomas Pond in South Casco.



HARRISON PICTURED ABOVE, BRIDGTON BELOW, — “TWO LITTLE VILLAGES GROWN GRAY IN THE SHADE OF GNARLED OLD TREES.”





FAMOUS NARROW GAUGE TRAIN AT HARRISON STATION. THIS RAILROAD CONNECTED HARRISON AND BRIDGTON WITH THE MAIN LINE OF TRAVEL.

(Courtesy: Maine Historical Society)



Air view Harrison. Long Lake is at lower right, and Crystal Lake (Anonymous Pond) at upper left, with village between the two bodies of water. Deertrees Theater is at upper left center.
(*Courtesy Gannett Photo*)



NAPLES VILLAGE AS IT APPEARED IN 1923, BEFORE ITS PRESENT TRANSFORMATION
INTO A VACATION CENTER.

(Courtesy Gannett Photo)



Air view East Sebago. Foreground left, Spaulding Memorial Library, foreground right, Fitch Homestead, oldest house in Sebago, right background Fitch Lumber Mill on site of first mill built by William Fitch, Esq. in 1798.

(Courtesy Gannett Photo)



Air view North Sebago. Foreground right and left Laughing Loon Lodge, large house right Will Nason Homestead, road left from main road leads to "The Folly", next left Round Table Lodge and Sebago Lake Camps, opposite right Shaw's Store, just beyond left North Sebago Post Office, across road ball-ground and Nason's Beach, and in extreme background North Sebago Church

Pond, was given its name for the then most fearful animal of the northern woods, — the panther.

On the highway, a short distance west of Raymond Village about fifty feet above the road, is Pulpit Rock, a huge smooth projection five and one-half feet high and equally wide, which very closely resembles a pulpit. A curious legend is told about this rock. It seems that the Devil was accustomed to use this stone as a pulpit from which to preach to the Indians, and on one occasion when he was speaking to about a thousand of them, one of the braves laughed at him. The insult so amazed the preacher that he stamped his foot and thereupon all of the ground at the southwest where the Indians were, sank fifty feet and every Indian went out of sight, leaving a swamp. This story must be true, because the swamp is still at the southwestern part of the neck today.

Bordering Jordan Bay, which is noted for the smoothness of its waters, is Raymond Cape, a scenic shore route along a four-mile strip of wooded land projecting into Sebago. On the tip of the Cape, flint of the quality used by Indians in making their arrow and spear heads, skinning knives, and tomahawks is frequently found. The first settler was Daniel Mason, who came by boat from Standish, and built his house on the north shore near the Images in 1818. He was joined later by his brother-in-law, Samuel Tarbox, who, with his wife, was frozen to death in a severe snowstorm in 1819, while he was returning from the mill on foot with a bag of corn.

It was one of those distressing tragedies of early pioneer life that rarely if ever occur in these days. The Tarbox family consisting of mother, father, and four children, the eldest a girl of twelve, lived in a cabin on Raymond Cape. It had been a very severe winter, with storm following storm, cutting off all communications with their neighbors. Their provisions became nearly exhausted, and the father was compelled to set off on the long journey to get a bag of

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

corn ground at the village mill. He reached the mill safely, and with the bag on his shoulders, started to retrace his steps. Meanwhile another storm came up, and within a short distance of his house, he sank down exhausted, unable to take another step.

He called for help, and his wife, anxiously awaiting his return, heard his cries and quickly left everything to go to his assistance. She soon found that she could make no headway in the deep drifts, so returned, and donning some of her husband's clothing, reached him while he was still alive. She couldn't move him, so taking off her coat, she covered him the best she could and set off herself in the direction of the nearest farmhouse for help. After a short struggle, her breath failed her and she sank down exhausted.

The children, left alone in the darkness, huddled around the fire, under the protection of the little girl of twelve, who kept blowing the horn throughout the night, trying to attract attention to their plight. But the storm closed them in for three days and three nights, before the alarmed neighbors could reach them. After a search they found the frozen bodies of the parents, and in the distress and excitement, the little tot of three had wandered off alone, and almost lost her life, before she was rescued and taken into the Hawthorne family as one of their own.

Surrounded by wild animals, Mr. Mason lived alone on the Cape for many years.

On the road from South Casco to the Cape is a large wooden tower with a bell fire alarm. West of the tower across the field, is a large Rock and Shell formation about fifty feet high. It contains a cave in which, it is said, a fourteen-year-old girl was held prisoner by the Indians for three years. Her family, finally discovering her whereabouts, led an attack on the Indians and rescued her. In a wooded section of the Cape is the original Luther Gulick Camp, said

to be the first summer camp of its kind in the United States. It is still maintained and operated by members of the Gulick family.

South Casco has long been noted as a delightful summer resort and a haven for a multitude of summer camps for boys and girls, but its chief claim to fame, perhaps, lies in its romantic and historic association with the Hawthorne family, for it was here that the great novelist, Nathaniel Hawthorne spent many of his boyhood days. He often referred to it later in life as the "happiest period in my life". The novelist was eight or nine years of age when he came to South Casco in the year 1813, at a time when that quiet isolated community consisted of but a few houses, surrounded by virgin forests in the midst of a lake country, then little known to the outside world.

Mrs. Hawthorne, a widow with three children, came to the Maine wilderness from her old home in Salem, Massachusetts, at the suggestion of her brother, Richard Manning, who was already established as a prominent resident, and was proprietor of considerable property in the neighborhood. He had arrived there about twelve years earlier, and had opened a blacksmith shop and store near the outlet of Dingley Brook, on the old Stage road. Here he had built for himself an imposing mansion, — a much finer house in all its appointments than any other in the region. The cost of the structure was so great that the natives referred to it as "Manning's Folly".

He built a home for his sister a short distance away across the brook, and there Mrs. Hawthorne and her family lived for fourteen years. The youthful Nathaniel remained here at home until it was necessary for him to go elsewhere in order to obtain schooling, but he always returned eagerly to his South Casco home during his vacations until his graduation from Bowdoin College.

In a boyish diary which he kept, he frequently wrote of his great love of his Maine home, and of the freedom of the

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

life that he enjoyed there. Here he ran wild, fishing all day long, or shooting with an old "fowling-piece,—"

"How well", he writes, "I recall the summer days when, with my gun, I roamed at will through the Maine woods, and during the moonlight nights of winter, I would skate all alone upon Sebago Lake, with the deep shadows of the icy hills, far away from home. Wearying with the exhaustion of skating, I would sometimes take refuge in a log cabin, where half a tree would be burning on the broad hearth. I would sit in the ample chimney and look at the stars through the great aperture through which the flames went roaring up."

The favorite fishing place of young Hawthorne was at the head of Dingley Brook where it flows from Thomas Pond, and the large flat rock on which he fished, or sat while reading, is still known as "Nat's Rock". He spent many happy hours sailing his little boat on the lake, and a favorite haunt of his was the curious cave-like opening which lies at the base of the "Images".

The Manning Mansion is standing in a state of wonderful preservation, much the same as it looked at the time it was built in 1810. It is a large square two-story structure, with hip roof and massive chimneys, with eight fireplaces. Its interior is decorated with period wall paper, and all the window glass was imported from Belgium.

In almost startling contrast however, is the gaunt, barren, barn-like building that was the home of the Hawthorne family for so many years. After the departure of Mrs. Hawthorne to her former home in Salem, the venerable old structure fell into disrepute and decay. For a time, during stage coach days, it was known as Colonel Scribner's Stage Coach Tavern, then at a later period with its tall square chimneys removed, and the floors between the two stories taken out, it served as a place of worship. Today it is used as a community hall for public gatherings.

Barring the touch of weather-stain and time, the old

house with its hallowed memories still retains outwardly much the same appearance as it did when tenanted by the famous family, whose name it bears. Nevertheless the large wooden homestead and its surroundings suggest an air of isolated desolation. Not so long ago there could still be seen old time mementoes of Hawthorne days, such as the fences, since disappeared, and the garden where Mrs. Hawthorne was wont to raise vegetables, and the big gnarled fruit trees brought especially from Salem.

But these are things of the past, thus rendering its loneliness more complete.



The little village of Casco was formerly a part of Raymond, and was not incorporated in a separate township until 1841, more than seventy years after its first settlement by Captain Joseph Dingley in 1771. Situated beside the little bay formed by the south end of Pleasant Lake, it extends in a long line running parallel with the western shore of the lake. In the early days it was a back town, somewhat isolated. Off the main routes of travel, it developed into a community peculiar to itself, its people depending more or less on their own resources for amusement and entertainment. In the summertime there were picnics and dancing to the strains of the country fiddler, and in the winter frolic-ing parties were held before huge blazing fires, after a hard day's logging in the forests.

A few miles from the village is an interesting subject for those who enjoy old buildings. It is the hundred and fifty year old Bell Hill church, picturesquely situated on the summit of Bell Hill, — one of the oldest churches in this section of Maine, in which services are still held.

It has several points which have attracted the attention of antiquarians and historians, — the quaint old-fashioned latches on the doors, and, conspicuous above the pulpit, the

dates 1797-1897. It has a curious ascent to the tower, greatly resembling that of Old North Church in Boston, and its box-like pews are somewhat similar in style to those of South Church in the same city. From its belfry can be obtained a view of surpassing beauty, embracing the lakes and hills for miles around.

There is an ancient burying-ground of unusual interest just across the road from the church, with age-old tombstones almost hidden by growth of vine and shrubbery, that date from the early eighteenth century. Two mysterious graves are pointed out to the visitor, and it is believed they were there before the place was converted into a cemetery. They are abnormally long,—one of them being more than seven feet, and as they are side by side, the speculation is that they contain a man and his wife. The headstones are so large as to attract attention, but no sign of name or inscription is to be found. The general conclusion is that these strange tombs mark the “Happy Hunting Ground” of two Indians of enormous size.

The strange story is told, legend or otherwise, of an odd character who once, it is said lived in Casco, that might be worthy of mention in the “Believe It or Not” column of Ripley. He was known in the village as ‘Henry’, an eccentric runner, who also qualified as a “mover of mountains”.

According to many persons who were neighbors or acquaintances of this extraordinary personage, running sixty miles a day was a common and frequent occurrence in his life. Round trips, barefoot and alone, were often made by Henry to such remote points as Portland, Lewiston, Mt. Washington, or if the impulse called for a longer trek, Boston might be the turning point of his run.

Long distance running however, was only one of the many eccentricities of this wonderful man. For ten years he was employed on a farm located about a mile southeast of Rattlesnake Mountain. During the summer the sun disappears behind its highest peak nearly an hour earlier than

at a mile north or a mile south. The farmer was known as a hard worker from before daylight until after dark. It occurred to Henry if he could lower that mountain, it would give his employer more hours of daylight to accomplish his work on the farm.

Hence, after working hard all day long, Henry would ascend Rattlesnake Mountain, which rises one thousand forty-six feet above sea-level (four hundred feet from its base) taking with him a lantern, a crowbar, and some say, a jack-screw, and work all night in his attempt to move that mountain. At the point of his activities, this mountain terminates in a sharp ridge, having an incline of forty-five degrees for a distance of sixty or seventy feet, then a perpendicular drop of seventy or eighty feet. The momentum gained by the big boulders, some weighing at least a ton, would carry in their path, trees a foot or more in diameter. The crash would often arouse the sleeping natives a mile and a half distant.

This "mountain moving" went on night after night, month after month, and year after year. As a result of this one-man job, there is a mass of boulders, which is estimated to be not less than four hundred and fifty feet long, two hundred feet wide, and an average depth of fifteen feet. Taking the above figures as a basis means that this contains one million three hundred and fifty thousand cubic feet. About one eighth of an acre of this pile of stones can plainly be seen from the highway between East Raymond and Webb's Mills, and the rest of the mass which is about a mile from the road can be reached by a well-defined trail.

From the foregoing idiosyncracies and mental peculiarities, it might be naturally assumed that this remarkable person was a moron or of lesser degree of intelligence. This however was far from the facts of the case. In a soft pleasing voice he would converse intelligently on subjects political, and other topics of the times. He was a good singer of hymns

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

and also composed songs. In moral conduct he was a gentleman, and outstanding traits were his honesty and truthfulness. He was fond of children, and particularly polite, courteous, and respectful to the fair sex. He never married.

The final chapter of his life might make material for the superstitiously minded to speculate upon. Scores and scores of times he, over a long period of time, would suddenly exclaim, "Eastman Bean, seldom seen." Eastman Bean, a farmer in Otisfield, fell from a load of hay with a pitchfork in his hands, and in landing, the tines penetrated his body, resulting in his death.

In sliding from the haymow to the barn floor, Henry fell in the path of a pitch-fork, and lost his life in the same manner as Eastman Bean.

Bridgton & Harrison.



To the summer folk who dote on their beloved Bridgton and return to it year after year, the knowledge that it once rejoiced in the strange name of "Pondicherry" might seem somewhat incongruous. However, such was the fact during the first ten years of its existence.

The reason for so naming it seems to be obscure, and even the origin of the name itself is in doubt. Some historians say that the appellation is taken from a town of the same name in Ireland, while others ascribe the source to a remote spot in Asia. Coming nearer home however, is one other version, — the abundance of wild cherries that grew around the shores of the ponds in that vicinity, and that still remains a prominent characteristic of the place.

Happily however, it was renamed Bridgton in 1771, in honor of Moody Bridges, its leading proprietor. Bridgton's history dates from 1761, when the State of Massachusetts granted a township to Moody Bridges, Benjamin Milliken, Thomas Perley, and fifty-six others. The grant provided that each settler clearing twelve acres, erecting a house, and settling his family on the land before 1771, should be allotted a hundred acres. Shares of land were set aside for the church, the first settled minister, the town school, and for the benefit of Harvard College. It is to be assumed that Moody Bridges, for whom the town is named, had no active interest in the future welfare of the township, for he appeared no longer on the scene, and was merely a land speculator, as were most of the proprietors of that period.

The first actual settler of the Bridgton territory is recorded as Captain Benjamin Kimball, a sailor from Ipswich, Massachusetts, who established himself in this beauty spot in the spring of 1768. His agreement with the owners of the land was that he would settle in the township by the tenth of June of that year, and would build a convenient house for the entertainment of travelers by the tenth of September, also to keep a store of goods, and to build a sailboat of two tons burthen, with which he should hold himself in readiness to carry passengers and goods between the "carrying place" in Pearsontown (Standish) on Sebago Lake, and the head of Long Lake, for a term of six years.

Bridgton's first deed of four hundred and thirty-five acres to Kimball was drawn by the proprietor in the following language, — "The sixth day of April in the eighth year of the Reign of Sovereign Lord George the Third, etc., 1768, and two shillings and sixpence a trip for his boat, six shillings a day for himself, and five for an assistant." Crude as it was, perhaps, it thus inaugurated the first passenger and freight service on the lakes. Kimball kept his inn and store, traded with the Indians, and ran his boat until his death in 1802. Other pioneer settlers were Jacob Stevens, William Emerson, Moody Foster, and David Kneeland, all from Massachusetts. The latter settled on the "ridge", and planted Bridgton's first orchard.

Moose, deer, bears, and other wild animals roamed freely in the dense forests around this locality, which accounts for the following anecdote. Captain Amos Foster had been on an evening visit to his intended bride who lived in Denmark, and on his return he stumbled upon a huge bear. The animal made for him at once and to escape, the Captain hurried to climb a small tree, — one that he supposed too small for the bear to hug. But the bear ascended the tree after him. He climbed as high as he dared, lest his weight should break the tree. The bear took his heel in her teeth, tearing away the shoe and flesh, and, losing her hold, she

fell to the ground. Foster then supposed his danger past, but again he was disappointed. She no sooner recovered her feet than she climbed the tree again, this time tearing the flesh away from both heels, clear to the bone, and man and bear tumbled to the ground as the tree broke. The Captain fell on top of the bear, scrambled to his feet, and ran with all his might toward his home. He was so wild with fear that he did not feel the pain of his feet until going through a field of rye stubble which pricked his mangled flesh. Luckily the bear did not follow. Years afterward, hearing two men discussing the probability of the story, he astonished them by removing his boots, and showing the scars upon his feet.

Much has been written about the early history of Bridgton, but in almost every instance it has related to the main village and the hamlet of North Bridgton, where the Academy is located. In reality the township of Bridgton comprises three Bridgtions in one, — North Bridgton, Bridgton Center, and South Bridgton, and as a matter of fact, South Bridgton is the real historic section of this territory. It was here that the first settlers pitched their camps, and here may still be found some of the oldest buildings in this part of the state.

It is somewhat difficult to place the first actual permanent settler in South Bridgton. Quite likely it was Enoch Perley, son of Thomas Perley, one of the proprietors. Enoch came in 1775, and settled on the farm that has since borne his name. This was the pioneer who built the first framed dwelling, to be erected in the town, at the foot of what was then called Prospect Mountain, but which has since carried his name. The house consisted of only one room about eighteen feet square. Overhead was a small chamber reached through a trap door by a pull-up ladder. A trap door also opened into a small cellar. Here he lived alone in the woods, ranging the forest for deer and bears, reading, writing poetry, and drawing charts of the surrounding territory on

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

birch bark. It was to this house that he welcomed his bride in 1777. This historical and venerable old habitation was rescued from oblivion by Walter Hawkins of Bridgton Village and reassembled on his estate. The original fireplace was replaced by one found in the nearby town of Denmark. Notable is the pumpkin pine mantel, old-time latches, an oil painting of its original occupant, Squire Perley, and an original deed in his handwriting.

A few rods from the Perley Farm is a little private burial ground where several generations of the Perley family lie. One tombstone is inscribed "Cloe Perley, a Woman of Color". She lived as a servant with the family from 1778, to the time of her death in 1829. As was often the custom in those days, she adopted the family name of her master.

An interesting story is recorded of the building of the South Bridgton church in 1825, which is somewhat indicative of building customs in those early days. The labor account shows among the subsequent temperance reformers, the following items: — Asahel Cram furnishes one gallon of gin, Jonathan Fessenden two quarts of rum, Enoch Perley spirits, forty cents.

On one of the hidden trails on Perley Mountain is revealed a unique stone bear trap, built by Squire Enoch Perley, and said to be the only one existing in the State of Maine. Some interesting examples of early Maine architecture are the old Peabody Mansion on the old Sebago Stage Road, built tradition claims, in 1784, and the venerable stone house on the Roosevelt Highway built in 1839.

The scenery in and around South Bridgton is very delightful. From Ingall's Hill the eye can range over a vast extent of scenic beauty with the White Mountains of New Hampshire in the background.

Fear of Indians prevented rapid settlement in this territory, and sometimes the pioneers went with their families to the Pearisontown Fort at Standish for protection. The village of Bridgton Center began to be settled in 1789, when

BRIDGTON AND HARRISON

William Sears of Beverly, Massachusetts purchased two lots and erected a grist-mill at Highland Lake, then Crotched Pond. He opened the first tavern in town, which later became the "Pondicherry House". A meeting house was finished in 1798, which served the joint purpose of church and town-house, until erection of the new church thirty-six years later. In 1800 Bridgton Center had its first post-office, and by 1811, the little hamlet had increased to a dozen dwellings.

Sixty years later we find a party of travelers from Plymouth, New Hampshire, alighting from a balloon piloted by Professor King, the famous aeronaut, at the door of the old hotel, in the midst of a busy and populous village which was already beginning to acquire a reputation as a manufacturing center. It was also the headquarters of the Sebago Lake Steam Navigation Company, which early built a fleet of steamers for service on the lakes. In the center of the village is the old Cumberland Hotel which has catered to tourists and stage-coach travelers for more than a century. It is the outgrowth of what was once the Rufus Chase boarding-house, built in 1841.

There is a romantic story surrounding an old willow tree which occupies a spot on the Ingalls place on Bridgton Ridge. In 1794, when the state was still a part of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Mrs. Richard Ingalls, the wife of the pioneer who settled the farm, returned from a visit to her father at Marblehead, Massachusetts, which journey she made on horseback with her infant son.

Upon her arrival home she stuck into the ground her willow whip plucked from a tree in Marblehead, and after the manner of willows, it took root and fast grew into a large tree. In 1851, in order to make way for the erection of a building, it was necessary to cut down the tree, but a shoot of it was cut off by the grandson, and stuck into the ground at another place. This in time grew into an enormous willow

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

tree, twelve feet in circumference, with an equally enormous height and spread.

No story of Bridgton would be complete without some mention of the Bridgton and Harrison Railroad, known as the Narrow Gauge, which connected the outside world with that section of the country. It was built in 1883, at a time when there was a great deal of freight shipped from the Bridgton mills, and it operated sixteen miles of track to meet the Mountain Division at Bridgton Junction.

Built at a cost of \$193,868, the road was sold in 1913, to the Maine Central Railroad, which operated it as a branch line. An extension to Harrison built in 1898, was abandoned in 1930. The coming of good roads, automobiles, and bus service, and the further decline in the industrial life of the town, changed the conditions and fortunes of the railroad. In 1940, the road was still in operation, the only two-foot gauge in the country then in commercial service, but was later discontinued.

The first train over the road was run on January twenty-first, 1883, and caused a great celebration. The local paper headlined the story with, "Bridgton and the Outside World at Last Connected", and published the following jingle:—

"And hark! through the valley, o'er hillside and plain,
The thunder is heard of the Narrow Gauge train;
And cheers and huzzas from the spirited throng
Greet the advent of Progress now booming along.
Eureka! the shriek of its engine declares,
And Bridgton Redeemed is the motto it bears."

Considerable amusement and entertainment was afforded to his guests by the late James A Chute, a sporting camp proprietor at Naples, who used to round up a group for what he called "Playing at Railroading". He would charter the old Narrow Gauge Railroad, and members of the party, dressed to fit the parts, would have the privilege of taking

BRIDGTON AND HARRISON

over the jobs connected with running the train, for a sixteen mile jaunt to Hiram. Various stunts were performed for the enlivenment of the journey, such as a comic "Jesse James" holdup by two men placed on the track in advance by Mr. Chute. On rounding one point they would come upon a brightly dressed tramp, sitting in the center of the rails, who would refuse to let the train pass until he got food, whereupon he was given a large beef bone. Then "Old Eight", venerable old engine, went on her way.

North Bridgton is noted for its picturesque setting and scenery, and also for its famous old Academy, with a history reaching back further than the State of Maine. It has a long list of graduates who have attained distinction in this state and elsewhere. Robert Peary, the famed discoverer of the North Pole was a student here, as well as Seba Smith, author-journalist, and John Anderson, Massachusetts governor during the Civil War. Incorporated by the Legislature of Massachusetts in 1808, it received a donation of state land. The Academy had no building of its own at the beginning of its career, but classes were held in a room up two flights in the old Masonic Building.

North Bridgton was the site of the original Kimball Tavern in 1768, and its first store was built by a man named Andrews. It was located at the boat landing at the extreme end of Long Lake, and had a great attraction for the old-time canal boatmen and country teamsters, for Andrews sold good old rum for three cents a glass.

Bridgton was the early center of the Summer Camping Industry, which started many years ago, when Charles E. Cobb opened his Wyonegonic Camp along the shore of Highland Lake, and today the camping business is its staple industry with more than eighty boys' and girls' camps in the neighborhood. In the winter this section is the center of the snow sports area of this part of Maine, with a thirty thousand dollar development.

It is the trading center for the many summer and winter

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

visitors of these environs, and has excellent recreation facilities. Sufficiently removed from all the larger centers, it affords ample opportunity for seclusion and quiet for those who seek a restful vacation.



ON a little country road, a short distance from the present center of Harrison, in a quiet, ancient burying-ground, lies the body of the "First Settler of Harrison", John Carsley. History tells us that in 1792, he and his brother Nathan made the first opening in the forest and erected a rude camp, which should serve as a shelter until they could make a permanent home, upon the lands that they had selected. In the spring of the following year, they returned to the spot, hauling their wives, their camping utensils, and the household goods on handsleds, as the rude paths were far too narrow to permit the passage of oxen or horse teams.

It must have been a long, arduous, and perilous journey from their home in Gorham to Harrison, then a part of Otisfield. Although this is not recorded, it is interesting to speculate by which route they traveled. There was available the narrow trail, then called the Pearsonstown Road, just sufficiently wide for travel by horse, which went from Standish to Bridgton by way of Sebago woods. Or they could have journeyed by the eastern path, by way of Windham and Raymond Town. One can imagine, perhaps, the little cavalcade starting from the old "carrying place" at Standish, during the hours of a bright March day, and crossing ice-covered Sebago Lake to the further shores of the long Raymond Cape.

The season for tapping the sugar maple trees was at hand, and they came prepared to make maple sugar, for which purpose they had erected their camp among the maples. The hardy pioneer family found "Harrison" a dense wilderness, with no sound to disturb the primeval forest but the

music of the waterfall and the roar of wild beasts. However these pioneers were well-acquainted with hardships, skilled in woodcraft and the use of the musket, possessed of strong constitutions, and were capable of great endurance. As an example of their hardiness, it is recorded that a younger brother Seth Carsley, a mere lad of eleven years, drove a six-ox team through the rough paths and across Long Lake on the ice to Bridgton, for lumber with which to build their home.

Following the advent of the Carsley family came Simeon Caswell, a Revolutionary soldier, in 1797. He settled on a farm, since then occupied by at least four generations of his descendants. Mr. Caswell, the pioneer, was doubtless a good way from being a devotee of any form of religion, but was probably a thinker and somewhat of a philosopher. It is related that at one time in the last days of his life, a pious neighbor called on him, professing to feel some concern about his spiritual-mindedness. "Have you made your peace with God?", asked the neighbor. "Peace! Made peace with God," repeated the old man, "Why, I hain't never been at war with Him!"

The village of Harrison was named in honor of the Hon. Harrison Gray Otis of Boston. In 1805, that part of Bridgton lying on the east side of Long Lake, about eighty-five hundred acres, was taken off to form the new township, with that part of Otisfield on the west side of Crooked River. The first settler of Harrison Village itself was James Sampson, who came there in 1800. He was an active pioneer, and did much to encourage the settlement of the town. It was his grandson, Captain Christopher Sampson, who captained the steamer "Fawn", the first steam passenger boat to run on the lakes.

Captain Benjamin Foster is said to have been the first man in town to keep a store. It was located in South Harrison, and his establishment also served as a tavern. It was a notorious place where many stories were told, and "much ardent

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

spirit was imbibed". A great local event in the spring was "river-driving", and this tavern was the headquarters of loggers, boatmen, and teamsters in the vicinity, and many curious and amusing scenes were enacted there.

At one time the tavern was full of river-drivers and travelers, among them being a well-known character, a certain negro "doctor", who used to travel over the country, dispersing his "herbs and potions". He applied for accommodations for himself and his horse, and as was the custom during a storm, it was thought best not to turn him away. No sooner was the darky finished with his supper, than the sport began, and the rivermen proceeded to make life miserable for him. Befuddled with drink, the tormented "doctor" resolved to brave the elements and to go on in the storm to some other shelter, where he might find company more to his liking. So he called for his horse, and the jokers, as a gesture of pretended friendship, volunteered to see that it was properly saddled and brought to the door.

In place of the darky's steed they saddled a frisky young bull from the barn. The Negro was informed that his horse was ready, and with the darkness and in his condition, he failed to detect the difference. His saddle-bags were put in place and the reins carefully placed in his hands. "I thank you all for your kindness," said the colored man to his make believe friends, "and now I bids you all goodnight, gemmen." The bull was released and with a wild bellow of fright, made a dash for the barn, and in short order the rider was flung into the mud and filth, to the accompaniment of the spectators' mirth.

An early problem that the town authorities had to contend with in those times was the straying of cattle, that were allowed to run at large. A town "pound" was built, and stray cows, pigs, and sheep were captured and placed in the pound at the owner's expense, until they were claimed.

A custom which suggested slavery, was the early care of the poor. They actually auctioned off the services of the

unfortunate, in the same manner that slaves were sold. A typical instance is recorded as follows:—"April 5, 1819, set up George Edwards and family at vendue to the lowest bidder, oldest child bid off by Morrill Hobbs at sixty-five cents per week. Youngest by Morrill Hobbs at seventy-five cents per week. Edwards and wife and one child bid off by Ahira Sampson at one dollar and seventy cents per week."

Harrison Village attained increased importance with the opening of the Cumberland and Oxford Canal in 1830, which gave it a waterway connection with the outside world, and made it a port of the surrounding towns. The head of the canal was there, and large warehouses were built at the wharf to store the supplies from many back towns, which were held there until the heavy teams could take them to their destination, and also to store the freight brought by the canal boats from Portland awaiting distribution. In consequence the village became quite a business mart, and presented a lively appearance. A large tavern was built for the accommodation of the milling throng, and around its ample fire joyous and hilarious meetings were held by the storytellers.

George Pierce built the first large storehouse at the landing wharf in 1832, which had the reputation of being the first building of any size or importance in Harrison to be built without the use of liquor. Temperance minded, he refused to furnish the customary rum, and was compelled to hire men to do the "raising". Among those who refused to assist in the "raising" because liquor was not to be furnished was a minister of the gospel!

A thriving industry in Harrison in the good old days was barrel making, and the little communities in which they were made, usually bordering the lake, were known as "barrel towns". It was from these places that there came most of the barrels which constituted one of Maine's most important articles of export. Thousands of cords of pine went into

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

shooks, that were packed and shipped to the West Indies, where they were used for sugar and molasses.

Every man in the barrel towns knew how to form staves out of split pine, narrower at each end than in the middle. He also knew how to make hoops of birch cut lengthwise, or if ash, split and bent. The cracker barrel, stage property of homespun scenes in a country store, was an heir of the old-fashioned flour barrel, about which the Farmer's Almanac waxed sarcastic, advising the farmer not to sit on the convenient roost at the corner grocery so long that he needed to take patent medicines. "How do you spend your evenings", it asked the farmer, "Do you sit in an easy chair and sleep, or do you sit on the end of a flour-barrel at the corner grocery, and gossip about your neighbors"?

Prior to and after the Civil War, Harrison was distinguished as a center for a various assortment of industries such as wire-making, manufacturing farm machinery, and extensive saw and grain mills, but that form of activity has long since disappeared. Today Harrison, like its neighboring town of Bridgton, is almost entirely devoted to being a summer playground, and an all-year round recreation center.

Harrison offers many attractions to delight the summer visitor, not the least of which is the famous Deertrees Summer Theatre, supervised by Enrica Clay Dillon of New York. It has been host to many Broadway celebrities. As far back as 1926, Harrison became a sanctuary for weary professional artistic folk, and it is now especially famous for its musical colony. The great Madonnas of opera, Ada Nielson and Madam Marie Sundelius, the pianist Joseph Hoffman, and many others have found it a haven of peace, and not a few of the outstanding musical artists of today have made their summer homes along the shores of Long Lake.

Naples & Sebago



GHOSTS and han'ted places that mirror the traditions of yesteryear, have an irrepressible fascination for most of us, deny it as we may. However, it is difficult indeed, to associate the lively modern little summer resort of Naples with the supernatural, yet if report be true, no less than a ghostly apparition was responsible for its creation. And a lively ghost it was, too!

Ancient gossip discloses that in the long ago, a youth named McIntyre, employed at Squire Peirce's Mill, at Edes' Falls, fell in love with his employer's daughter. This was resented by the Squire, and in the altercation that ensued, McIntyre was struck over the head with a heavy piece of lumber and killed. His body fell into the mill-pond, and rising to the surface, was buried on the right bank of the river near the mill.

The next spring it washed out, and a ghost was seen flitting back and forth across the river in the vicinity of the grave. The body was returned near the same spot; again it was washed out, and again the ghost returned. After the body was buried, the ghost once more departed. And then when a flood was expected, the citizens of Edes' Falls could see in the moonlight the restless ghost of McIntyre flitting back and forth across the mill-bank, fearing, so 'twas said, that his grave would again be disturbed. Finally the body was reburied on higher ground just to the right of the bridge, and folks saw him no more in drought or flood.

Thus old-time residents of Naples declare that the un-

happy ghost of McIntyre drove the Squire out of Edes' Falls, to seek pastures anew, with the result that he settled in the choice spot that is now Naples. Whether true or legend, this story has a happy ending, for the Squire became not only Naples' first citizen, but also its first physician, surgeon, lawyer, and millwright to boot!

His old home which he built in 1799, is still standing, just outside the village on the Bridgton Road, an outstanding example of mid-colonial architecture. It has four large chimneys, a hip roof, and twenty-four-light windows. The hand-carved woodwork, the "Sunrise" door, and upstairs hall "Martha Washington" window are beautiful details. The old mansion has not been altered, except to add modern conveniences. In stage-coach times it was a popular hostelry for weary travelers, and now it is known as the "Manor", operated as an inn for summer visitors.

To the rear of the Manor is Skid Hill, so named because during lumbering days logs were "skidded" down the hill, across the road to Mast Cove on the shores of Long Lake, there to be floated down the lakes to the coast. Those were the days when the whole territory thereabouts was an unbroken forest of white pine, the tallest of which, in pre-Revolutionary times, were marked with the "King's arrow", and reserved for masts of the Royal Navy. Some of these original trees with the Royal Insignia of the crow's feet and arrow could have been seen on the Perley farm until recently.

As early as 1791, Joseph March operated a small tannery, where he dressed skins obtained from the trappers. A horse propelled a huge circular stone around in a circle to crush his bark for tanning, and black for coloring the leather he obtained from a lamp-black kiln nearby.

Eight years later Eleazer Bartlett and two sons made the first opening in a dense forest between Crooked River and Long Lake, known now as Bartlett's Corner. At this period Nathan Gerry and Elliot Staples built Naples' first inn near

the present Church place on Route 302, and "entertained" travelers who came to the lake.

This was a much frequented route between Portland and the early settlement of Bridgton before 1790, until the opening of the old "Pearsontown Road", the present Bridgton, Sebago, and Standish Road. In 1816, this inn under the ownership of John Chute, known as the Elm House, became famous as Maine's first temperance hotel. It burned in 1822, and was rebuilt as the Church Tavern, which became popular as a stage-coach stopping place.

The first public building to be erected in the village of Naples was the school house in 1822, followed by the first post office in 1828, under the name of South Otisfield Post Office. The first quarter's business amounted to thirty-seven and a half cents! The sturdy brick town-house, erected in 1838, still serves the town as faithfully as ever.

In the outskirts of Naples on the road to Bridgton is the Hayloft, a house and remodeled barn on land that was a Revolutionary War bonus, with a remarkable story attached to it that seems to have more than a vestige of truth. The land upon which the property stands was given to a Private Hill, a soldier of the Revolutionary War. To this veteran and his wife were born two sons, and one of them became Captain Charles Hill, who engaged in the clipper ship trade with the Orient.

On one of his passages to the far east, the Captain and his crew are said to have removed several large idols from a Chinese temple, and succeeded in bringing them back to this country. When examining the exceedingly heavy idols at his home, he discovered, much to his surprise, that they were filled with gold. The sum realized by the Captain as his share of the loot amounted to around three hundred thousand dollars.

With his fortune he added a fine two and a half story house to the old homestead, and used the old house as an ell. The spacious main house overlooks Mast Cove, and is now

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

nearly one hundred years old. It has heavy decorated chandeliers and a graceful, broad stairway, with the wide hall, where for many years two of the huge idols reposed, in odd contrast to the other simple furnishings.

The story goes that after his ill-gotten wealth began to dwindle, the Captain grew restless and, with the hope of securing more gold and recuperating his fortune, he once again returned to the scene of his exploits. He was never seen again, and it is thought that the priests, aware of his sacriligious plundering, killed him when he returned to the temple.

Naples' first story begins, as do practically all Maine towns, with extensive lumber operations and saw-mills, followed by cattle and dairy farms as soon as the land was cleared. Then came the advent of the hotel age, with the country farm boarding-houses catering mainly to fishermen and hunters. The summer tourist business, it is said, originated with George W. Hall, when he operated the Hotel Naples in 1876, with a rate of three dollars and fifty cents weekly for fare and lodging. From then on the village of Naples became essentially a summer town, and so it remains.

To Charles L. Goodridge goes the credit of bringing the recreation business to Naples. He built the spacious Bay of Naples Inn, and operated the Songo River Line, with its fleet of little white steamers which brought an army of pleasure seekers to the town. He developed amusement facilities by building, in 1902, at a cost of several thousand dollars, the Casino on Naples Causeway, which separates Long Lake from the Bay of Naples, — a space that was formerly all bog.

Today almost the entire effort of Naples is devoted to catering to the summer trade. With its finely appointed hotels, excellent camp accommodations, and many facilities for the amusement of its guests, Naples has developed into a mecca for summer visitors in that section. Speedy cabin cruisers that tour lovely Long Lake are at their disposal, or they may enjoy a commanding picture of the lake country

NAPLES AND SEBAGO

from the seat of a seaplane. And there is, for golf devotees, a sporty nine hole course, with its hundred and fifty year old clubhouse.

From the Causeway the nature-lover may revel in an enchanting view of the beautiful "Loch Long" of Longfellow's poem, in all its rugged grandeur, with the panorama of the whole range of the White Mountains in the distance.



THE whole territory of Sebago is bounded on the north by Naples and Bridgton, on the east by Sebago Lake, and on the south and southwest by Baldwin and Hiram. Before its settlement it was covered by a vast forest of pine growth, and it was this, with its easy access by way of Northwest River and Sebago Lake to the mills on the Presumpscot, that first attracted its early purchasers.

And for fifty years after its first settlement, in 1790, men chopped and sawed, hallooed at their oxen, rolled logs, and camped among the fallen treetops, disappearing with the first giant growth of pine, and leaving no record but the ruin they had wrought. A few remained, and it is to them and their progeny, that we owe the cultivation and development of Sebago as we know it today.

The pioneer settlers in the town were Joseph Lakin and Jacob Howe. The latter carried the mail from Bridgton to Portland, making the trip once a week on horseback over trails before the roads were opened. Joseph Lakin came from Groton, Massachusetts, built his cabin on the "ridge" and, returning for his family and goods, crossed Sebago Lake in a boat, and made his way through the difficult path to where he hoped the public road would soon be built. His daughter married Deacon Daniel Hill, whose house, an imposing looking mansion, still stands on the Bridgton-Sebago Road. It is nearly a hundred and twenty years old, and from all appearances it might well last another hundred and

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

twenty years. It has a heavy split-stone foundation, hand hewn timbers for framework, and other materials in the same proportions. Its original central chimney is still there with its six fireplaces, and the window frames are all filled with the small panes of the period.

William Fitch, the first and leading citizen of Sebago, and the progenitor of the numerous Fitches, who have all played an important part in the development of the town, came from Groton, Massachusetts in 1793. When Sebago was incorporated as a township in 1826, he became one of the first selectmen, also its first postmaster, and its first town clerk. He was most energetic in business, and to quote the town historian, "did more for Sebago Village than any other man". His wife came to Sebago on horseback, carrying her baby son with her. William Fitch built the first grist mill in the village in 1798, and also the first saw-mill in town. He settled East Sebago, and built the first lumber mill on Northwest River. His daughter married Luther H. Fitch, who took over the lumber business and built a store in 1830. He also operated a flour mill, known as the "Pine Grove Mill". In 1864 fire destroyed the store and all the town records, which were kept there, also most of the lumber mill, which was rebuilt in 1866.

Captain James Babb came from Gorham in 1817, and with two workmen, opened the first cooper-shop and the first store in town near the Fitch place in Sebago Village. There he kept West Indian goods, cotton for spinning, and the most needful articles of trade. His goods were kept in a lean-to at one end of the cooper-shop. The Captain was the first sergeant in Captain Robie's Company at Portland, and in the War of 1812, he rode all night to alarm the company when called out.

During the lumbering days a road was opened from the village past Perley Pond to Haskell's Landing at the lake, in 1821. A huge pine trough built in between two trees was made the feeding place for teams hauling logs. Near the

NAPLES AND SEBAGO

pond is the scene of Pingree's Folly, an attempt to construct a log "drive" or chute, which after much expense, failed to work. Thereafter it was called "The Folly", a term much used to this day. In the busy days of lumbering, as many as eleven thousand logs were discharged from Northwest River in a single drive.

Daniel and Joseph McKenny, in 1830, built a saw-mill at the "Folly" on Northwest River, and commenced sawing hemlock, which before that time had been considered worthless.

Potter Academy, in the Village of Sebago, owes its existence to the late Doctor Joseph Fitch Potter, a prominent physician of Cincinnati, Ohio, and a native son of Sebago, who at his death left thirty thousand dollars to establish a free high school within a mile of Sebago, on the death of his wife.

Sebago's pioneer school-teacher was Miss Rebecca Hale, who taught previous to 1798, at a time when Sebago was still a part of Baldwin, and there were no school houses in which to teach. Mostly classes were held in rooms donated in private houses. Also there were no physicians to care for the sick. Grandmother Poor was the only person then to render aid to the suffering, traveling on foot or on horseback through deep snowdrifts, with her carpet-bag full of roots and herbs.

At McDonald's Corner is the interesting old residence that once was popular as the 'Sebago House' the only tavern in the history of the village. The quaint watering trough for thirsty animals still stands at the crossroads.



East Sebago was a lively place during lumbering days, as it was a terminus for the logging, and a gathering place for the lumbermen and the teamsters. The first store was built by Elijah Fulton in 1829, for the accommodation of the

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

lumbermen and the "drovers". This was burned in 1855.

The present Fitch Brothers saw-mill, erected in 1866, is on the original site of the first grist mill built by William Fitch, the pioneer of the Fitch family, in 1798. The attractive old Fitch homestead, built in 1792, in the center of the village, was the gift of William Fitch to his daughter Rebecca, who married Luther Fitch. When the latter opened the first Fitch store on the hillside opposite the present Fitch store, it became a Fitch neighborhood which it has been ever since. The second oldest house in East Sebago is the old "Cook" house, which dates from 1795, and is now much modernized. A post-office was established in 1876, and still another Fitch, John P. Fitch, became the first postmaster.

The road from the village to Mattocks was opened to the public in 1858 and became a much traveled thoroughfare, especially in the spring when fishermen came by train on the old Mountain Division to Mattocks station.

The handsome structure, the Leon C. Spaulding Memorial Library, was the gift of the late sportsman and enthusiastic supporter of the neighborhood, Leon C. Spaulding. He died however, before the building was finished, and it was completed through the generosity of his widow, who still resides at the Spaulding estate on the lake shore.

In the northern part of the village is the famous Camp O-at-ka, a boys' camp that was started nearly fifty years ago, by the late Rev. E. J. Dennen, rector of Saint Stephen Church in Lynn, Massachusetts. Known as the "Galahad" camp for boys, it is open to all church boys.



The pleasant little village of North Sebago is of fairly recent origin, having been settled hardly more than a century ago by George Ward, who came here from Scarborough in 1838. For many years afterward it was known by the dubious

NAPLES AND SEBAGO

title of "Sandy Beach", a name no doubt derived from its excellent stretch of white sand, now called Nason's Beach. With the establishment of a post-office in the 1870's, it became recognized as a distinct unit of Sebago Township.

Among the early arrivals on the scene are listed Ephriam Bachelder, George W. Burnell, Daniel Nason, the Shaw and McKenney families. Daniel McKenney moved to Peaked Mountain in 1830, built a log cabin in the dense woods, and later "cleared" a farm, no slight task on this rocky soil. Andrew Douglass, and James Gray who came from Denmark, also cleared farms on the mountain. The descendants of these pioneers comprise mainly the small population of the place today, and in many instances, live in the old homes.

One of the earliest and most energetic of North Sebago's first settlers was Daniel Nason, who built the first log cabin in the settlement, on the brook named after him. The center portion of the present Nason homestead is stated to be the oldest building now in North Sebago.

It is very evident that the first roads in the village were nothing more than mere "cow-paths" connecting farm with farm, as the "Sandy Beach" Road to Crocketts (where the Highland Nature Camp now stands) was not approved and "accepted" until 1866. At this period in its history all the lake shore land as far as Naples on the north and almost to Standish to the south, with the exception of the small settlements of East and North Sebago, was dense forest with no sign of habitation.

The busiest section of the village fifty odd years ago was at Bachelder's Brook, where Loring and Hannibal Bachelder, and Marcellus Ward operated cooper shops and small saw-mills. On this same brook stands one of the oldest camp buildings on Lake Sebago, built in 1892, by the famous old guide, Ed Gilman. Originally, before it was somewhat modernized, the camp contained but one room, and Gilman, a rather hilarious character, lived all alone the year round.

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

He gave it the interesting and appropriate name, "Friendly Inn", and it has the reputation of being the scene of many "friendly and convivial" parties in the past.

Another relic of by-gone days is the spacious structure called Camp Sokokis, that stands prominently at Sanborn's Point, commonly referred to as Lone Pine Point. It was the home of the "Half-Past-Six Club", a group of business men and sportsmen from Portland. Here it was, — so it is said, — that Spider Island changed ownership in a poker game. The first school-house was erected in 1859, and in this building church services were held until the present Methodist Episcopal church was built in 1903.

This village, situated practically on Sebago Lake, at the base of Peaked Mountain, and far from any railroad, is in a singularly isolated position, and thus depends upon its own resources in the winter for relaxation and recreation. Therefore the church, the grange, and the indoor sport of politics have always played a major part in its history. For example, it is said that no Republican has ever been "allowed" to fill the office of postmaster. In contrast to the tastes of the summer visitor, the succulent salmon does not appeal to the local palate as does a good 'mess' of fresh smelts. Wholesale smelt dipping in the brooks and streams, and shipping them out of the state, provided a small but lucrative industry a few years ago, before legal restrictions were introduced. The plentiful supply of smelts in those days is evidenced by the claim that on one occasion two men were able to dip or net enough in two nights to enable them to purchase a new Ford truck with the proceeds.

The summer tourist business, which is the main activity in the village today, might be said to have commenced when Loring Bachelder opened his home to the spring fishermen and summer boarders, fifty or sixty years ago, and ever since, the lake waters off North Sebago have been a favorite fishing-spot for enthusiastic anglers. The inaccessibility and isolation of the place disappeared with the coming of the

automobile, and it has developed and grown accordingly. "Sandy Beach", one of the finest on Sebago Lake, that was once thought to be worthless, has now become its major attraction, with its excellent and safe bathing facilities.

Fishing, boating, swimming, and sun-bathing, with an occasional attendance at the local ball games, coupled with the daily meetings at the Post Office and the Village Store, constitute the main summer program of this truly old-fashioned Maine settlement, which is fast becoming recognized as one of the most attractive vacation spots in Sebago Lake Land.

An interesting and realistic picture of the glories of primitive Sebago Lake Land has been preserved to us in the writings of Squire Perley, South Bridgton's pioneer settler. Among his effects was found the following poem on the bark of a birch tree written in 1776:—

*All ye who love the joys of peace,
Ye who would dwell where tumults cease,
Come, seat yourselves at my right hand;
For here I've found the happy land;
Where cannon and the sound of war,
Are only heard as news from far.
No British troops disturb my rest,
Beneath my little homely cell
In perfect quietness I dwell;
Surrounded by as rich a soil
As any found in Britain's Isle.
A spacious, and a goodly land,
When once subdued by human hand
Here, oft, when I the forest roam,
I think of Eden's sacred grove,
While numerous blessings me surround,
Fancy portrays that happy ground.
Lo, here, these forests wild produce,
Already fitted for my use,
Paper, whose sheets are fine and large,
Without a farthing's cost or charge.
How far exceeds all human skill
This perfect work of nature's will!
And lo, when art is forced aside,*

SEBAGO LAKE LAND

*All bounteous nature will provide!
And here her ample stores unfold;
Her treasures, formed in times of old.
Earth, air, and water will appear
With food and medicine fraught its share.
The ponds and brooks, I daily find,
Fish afford of differing kind—
The chub, the eel, the horned pout,
The pickerel, perch, and spotted trout;
These, with annumerous silver train,
Sport up and down the liquid plain.
The tortoise, too, both flesh and fish,
To epicures a dainty dish.
Our native beasts, that range the wood,
Serve both for clothes and find us food.
The gallant moose, so famed for speed,
On these majestic mountains feed,
The threatening armor from his head
Excited in man an awful dread.
But the fierce hound, endowed with skill
Shall quickly make the monster know
That man is lord of all below.
The nimble deer, like lambkins play
Where wolves and bears pursue their prey.
The beaver, too, whose silken coat
Is worn and prized by lords of note,
The cony, and long-haired raccoon—
The partridge, duck, and gabbling loon.
Besides, in nature's garden grows
A healing balm for many woes;
Which cures the direst of disease,
And gives the suffering patient ease,
Of deepest and most deadly wound,
Of broken limbs, and joints made sound;
The fir defies the surgeon's skill—
While the kind birch supplies my quill;
These blessings, and a number more,
Which might be added to the score,
Were made to serve the use of man,
When first the world and time began.*

